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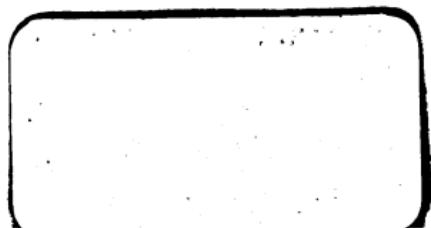
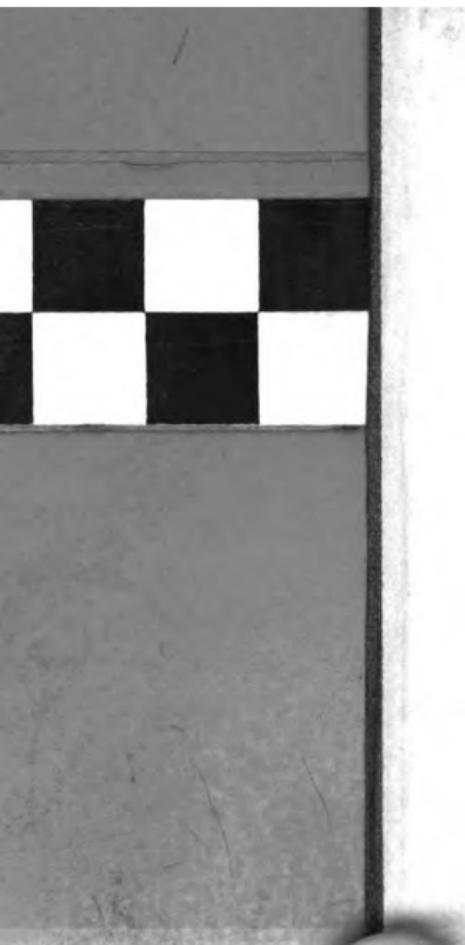
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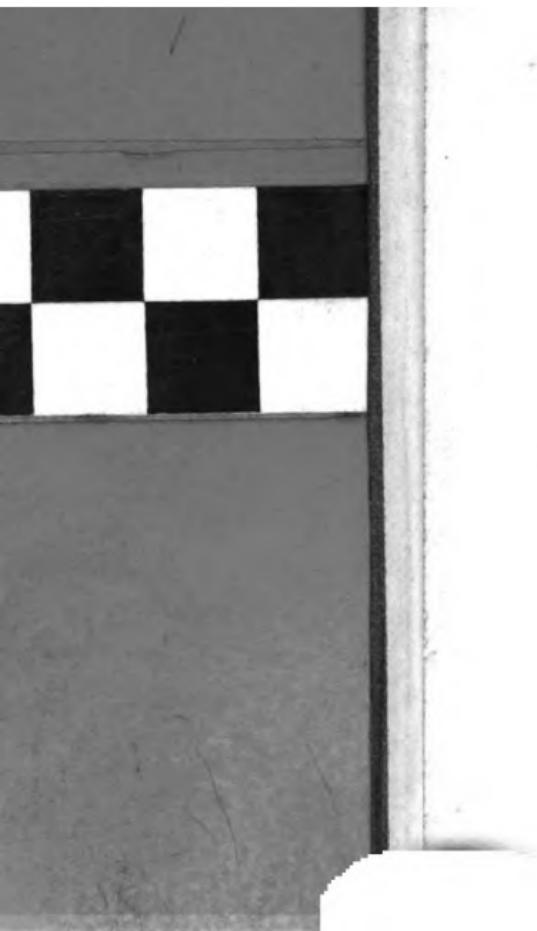
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No. I.
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CATHOLIC HYMNS



ARRANGED IN ORDER FOR THE
PRINCIPAL FESTIVALS, FEASTS OF SAINTS,
AND OTHER OCCASIONS OF DEVOTION
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.



With Woodcuts.



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1853. 147 d. 10.



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N. CARDINALIS WISEMAN.

May 3d, 1853.



Advertisement.

THE hymns and other poems contained in this collection are, with but few exceptions, the production of living Catholic authors, and a large proportion of them has never before been published. The remaining poems have been selected from different Catholic Hymn-books in use in the dioceses of the United States of America. All of these have been carefully revised, and in some instances cast into an almost entirely new form. One or two well-known hymns of Father Faber have, with the author's permission, been varied slightly, for the sake of the tune, from the original text. The hymns for "The Assumption," "May Jesus Christ be praised!" "Divine Grace," "The Last Farewell," come from the pen of the Rev. Father Caswall, and have never before been printed. They are taken from a manuscript volume of similar poems, and

may justly become an occasion, of expressing the hope that their respected author will not long withhold it from the public. The Editors also feel a pleasure in being allowed to add, that the poems of this and the succeeding collection (No. II.) signed "Sister M. J." in the table of contents, are due to the talent and piety of a member of the Convent of Sisters of Mercy in Charleville.

The directions with reference to singing are given in the preface to the volume of Music, in which each piece will be found, adapted to an easy and appropriate melody; and in the conclusion of their work, the Editors beg to return their thanks to many other contributors, to whose kind co-operation in different ways they have been, indebted for its completion.

H. F.

*The Music of the Hymns in a quarto volume,
price 2s. 6d.*

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Ye sons and daughters of the Lord

N.B. All the poems of this collection, without exception, are copyright in the form in which they now appear.



HYMNS

FOR

Morning and Evening.

1. Morning Hymn.

Now doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray:
Be present with us, Lord most high,
Through all the actions of the day.

Create in us a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will;
And may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil.

Keep us, eternal Lord, this day,
From every sinful passion free;
Grant us in all we do and say,
In all our thoughts to honour thee.

For all day long on heaven's high tower
There stands thy sentinel, who spies
Our every action hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O Lord, with conscience clear,
To Thee our grateful praises sing.

2. Evening Hymn.

O Lord of perfect purity,
Who dost the world with light adorn,
And paint the fields of azure sky
With lovely hues of eve and morn :

Upon our fainting souls distil
The grace of thy celestial dew ;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile,
No former sin revive anew.

Keep thou our souls from schemes of crime,
No guilt remorseful let them know ;
Nor thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

Teach us to knock at heav'n's high door,
Teach us the prize of life to win ;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

Be thou our guide, be thou our goal,
Be thou our pathway to the skies ;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
In death our everlasting prize.

HYMNS

FOR THE

Principal Festivals of the Year.

3. Advent Hymn.

CREATOR of the starry frame,
 Eternal light of all who live;
 Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,
 An ear to thy poor suppliants give.

When man, o'erwhelm'd in sin and death,
 Was wholly lost in Satan's snare,
 Love brought thee down to cure our ills,
 By taking of those ills a share.

Thy love for guilty men it was
 That caus'd thy sacred blood to flow;
 When issuing from thy virgin shrine,
 Thou didst to death a victim go.

Great Judge of all, in that last day
 When friends shall fail and foes combine,
 Look down in pity then, we pray,
 And guard us with thine arm divine.

To God the Father and the Son
 All praise and power and glory be,
With thee, O sacred Paraclete,
 Both now and through eternity.

4. Christmas Hymn.

(1.)

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
 Sing with joy and holy mirth;
Tell aloud the famous story
 Of his spotless virgin birth:
How he comes, an infant stranger,
 Here to dwell with us on earth.

Now the long-expected fulness
 Of the sacred time draws nigh;
Now for us the Word eternal
 Leaves his Father's throne on high;
From a virgin's womb appearing,
 Cloth'd in our mortality.

All within a lowly manger,
 Lo, a helpless Babe he lies;
See, his gentle virgin Mother
 Lull to sleep his infant cries,
While the limbs of God incarnate
 Round with swathing bands she ties.

Blessing, honour everlasting
 To th' immortal Deity;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Equal adoration be.
Prais'd be thou through earth and heaven,
 Sempiternal Unity.

5. Christmas Hymn.

(ii.)

See amid the winter's snow,
 Born for us on earth below,
 See the tender Lamb appears,
 Promis'd from eternal years.

Hail, thou ever-blessed morn !
 Hail, redemption's happy dawn !
 Sing through all Jerusalem,
 Sing the Babe of Bethlehem !

Lo, within a manger lies
 He who built the starry skies ;
 He who, thron'd in height sublime,
 Sits amid the cherubim.
 Hail, &c.

“ Say, ye holy shepherds, say
 What your joyful news to-day ?
 Wherefore have ye left your sheep
 On the lonely mountain steep ? ”
 Hail, &c.

“ As we watch'd at dead of night,
 Lo ! we saw a wondrous light;
 Angels singing, ‘ Peace on earth,’
 Told us of the Saviour's birth.”
 Hail, &c.

Sacred Infant ! all divine !
 What a tender love was thine,
 Thus to come from highest bliss
 Down to such a world as this !
 Hail, &c.

Teach, oh, teach us, holy Child,
By thy face so meek and mild;
Teach us to resemble thee
In thy sweet humility.
Hail, &c.

Virgin Mother ! Mary blest !
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us, that we may prove
Worthy of the Saviour's love.
Hail, &c.

6. Holy Innocents.

LOVELY flowers of martyrs, hail !
Smiten by the tyrant foe,
On life's threshold,—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

First to die for Christ—sweet lambs,
At the very altar ye,
With your fatal crowns and palms,
Sport in your simplicity.

Yet is Herod's wrath in vain,
Though a thousand babes he slay ;
Christ, amid a thousand slain,
Is in safety borne away.

Honour, virtue, glory, merit,
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

7. Hymn for the Epiphany.

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities
 None can once with thee compare ;
 Thou alone the Lord from heaven
 Didst for us incarnate bear.
 Fairer than the beam of morning
 Was the star that told his birth,
 To the lands their God announcing,
 Hid beneath a form of earth.
 By its lamen^t beauty guided,
 See the Eastern kings appear ;
 See them bend their gifts to offer,
 Purest incense, gold, and myrrh.
 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning ;
 Incense doth the God disclose,
 Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
 Myrrh a future tomb foretells.
 Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
 To the Gentile world reveal'd,
 Still to babes thyself disclosing,
 Ever from the proud conceal'd ;
 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
 With the Father and the Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

8. The Holy Name of Jesus.

Jesus, the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find,
 A sweeter sound than thy blest Name,
 O Saviour of mankind.

O Jesu, thou the beauty art
 Of angel worlds above ;
 Thy Name is music to the heart,
 Enchanting it with love.

O hope of every contrite soul,
 O joy of all the meek,
 How kind art thou to those who fall,
 How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can shew :
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his lov'd ones know.

O Jesu, spotless Virgin flower,
 Our life, our joy, to thee
 Be praise, beatitude, and power
 Through all eternity.

9. Hymn for Good Friday.

O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe,
 With racking anguish torn,
 Behold the Saviour of mankind
 Upon the tree of scorn.
 See how the nails those hands
 And feet so tender rend ;
 See down his face and neck and breast
 His sacred blood descend.

Hark with what awful cry
 He yields his parting breath!
 That cry it steeps his mother's soul
 As in a swoon of death.
 The sun withdraws his beam,
 The mid-day heav'ns grow pale;
 The moon, the stars, the universe,
 Their Maker's death bewail.

Shall man alone be mute,
 Amidst adoring spheres?
 Come, old and young, come, rich and poor,
 And bathe those feet in tears.
 Come kneel before his Cross,
 Who shed for us his blood;
 Who died the victim of pure love,
 To make us sons of God.

10. Easter Hymn.

(1.)

Victima Paschali laudes.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day:
 Christians, haste your vows to pay;
 Offer ye your praises meet
 At the Paschal Victim's feet.

For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
 Sinless in the sinner's stead;
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high,
 Now he lives no more to die.

Christ, the Victim undefil'd,
 Man to God hath reconcil'd;
 Whilst in strange and awful strife
 Met together Death and Life.

Christians, on this happy day
 Haste with joy your vows to pay ;
 Christ the Lord is ris'n on high,
 Now he lives no more to die.

Say, O wond'ring Mary, say,
 What thou sawest on thy way ?
 " I beheld, where Christ had lain,
 Empty tomb and angels twain ;
 I beheld the glory bright
 Of the rising Lord of light :
 Christ my hope is ris'n again,
 Now he lives, and lives to reign."

Christ, who once for sinners bled,
 Now the firstborn from the dead,
 Thron'd in endless might and power,
 Lives and reigns for evermore.
 Hail, eternal Hope on high !
 Hail, thou King of victory !
 Hail, thou Prince of life ador'd !
 Help and save us, gracious Lord !

11. Easter Hymn.

(II.)

O filii et alia.

Ye sons and daughters of the Lord !
 The King of glory, King ador'd,
 This day himself from death restor'd.

All in the early morning grey
 Went holy women on their way,
 To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Of spices pure a precious store
 In their pure hands those women bore,
 To anoint the sacred Body o'er.

Then straightway one in white they see,
 Who saith, "The Lord is ris'n, and he
 Precedes you into Galilee."

This told they Peter, told they John,
 Who forthwith to the tomb are gone,
 But Peter is by John outrun.

That selfsame night, while out of fear
 The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
 To his Apostles did appear.

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
 Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
 Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

"Thomas, behold my side," saith he;
 "My hands, my feet, my body see,
 And doubt not, but believe in me."

When Thomas saw that wounded side,
 The truth no longer he denied;
 "Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

Oh blest are they who have not seen
 Their Lord, and yet believe in him!
 Eternal life awaiteth them.

Now let us praise the Lord most high,
 And strive his name to magnify
 On this great day through earth and sky,

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;
 Whom men and angel hosts adore;
 To him be glory evermore,

12. Feast of the Ascension.

O thou eternal King most high,
 Who didst the world redeem;
 And conquering death and hell, receive
 A dignity supreme:

This day beheld thee through the skies
 To thy bright throne ascend;
 Thenceforth to reign in sovereign power,
 And glory without end.

There, seated in thy majesty,
 To thee submissive bow
 The spacious earth, the highest heaven,
 The depths of hell below.

With trembling there the angels see
 The chang'd estate of men;
 The flesh which sinn'd by Flesh redeem'd,
 And Man o'er seraphs reign.

There, waiting for thy faithful souls,
 Be thou to us, O Lord,
 Our peerless joy while here we stay,
 In heav'n our great reward.

13. Hymn for Pentecost.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of light,
 From thy clear celestial height
 Thy pure beaming radiance give;

Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come with treasures which endure,
Came, thou light of all that live.

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal, Light divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay—
All his good is turn'd to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
On our dryness pour thy dew,
Wash the stains of guilt away,
Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with thee on high,
Give them joys which never end.

14. Feast of Corpus Christi.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of his flesh the mystery sing;

Of the blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal King;
Destin'd, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as man with man conversing,
Stay'd the seeds of truth to sow;
Then he clos'd in solemn order
Wondrously his life of woe.

On the night of that last supper,
Seated with his chosen band,
He, the Paschal victim eating,
First fulfil'd the law's command;
Then, as food to all his brethren,
Gives himself with his own hand.

Word made flesh, the bread of nature
By his word to flesh he turns,
Wine into his blood he changes:
What though sense no change discerns?
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

Down in adoration falling,
Lo, the sacred Host we hail;
Lo, o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,

Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might, and endless majesty.

15. Feast of the Most Sacred Heart
of Jesus.

Jesus, Creator of the world,
Of all mankind Redeemer blest;
True God of God, in whom we see
The Father's image clear express'd:

Thee, Saviour, love alone constrain'd
To make our mortal flesh thine own;
And as a second Adam come,
For the first Adam to atone.

That selfsame love which made the sky,
Which made the sea, the stars, and earth,
Took pity on our misery,
And broke the bondage of our birth.

O Jesu, in thy heart divine
May that same love for ever glow;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow!

For this thy sacred heart was pierced,
And both with blood and water ran;
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man.

To God the Father and the Son,
All praise, and power, and glory be
With thee, O holy Paraclete,
Both now and through eternity.

HYMNS
APPROPRIATE TO THE
Feasts of Particular Saints.

16. Hail, holy Joseph, hail!

(St. Joseph, spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary,
March 19th.)

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Chaste spouse of Mary, hail!
Pure as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the house of God!
May his best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestow'd.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Belov'd of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fall.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

O Christ's dear Mother, bless ;
 And bless, ye Saints on high,
 All meek and simple souls
 That to Saint Joseph cry.

17. **Feast of the Annunciation
 of the B. V. Mary.**

(March 25th.)

WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
 Dear Mother of the Lord ?
 To angels only it belongs,
 Thy glory to record.

Say, Mary, what sweet force was that
 Which from the Father's breast
 Drew forth his co-eternal Son,
 To be thy bosom's guest ?

'Twas not thy guileless faith alone
 That lifted thee so high ;
 'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
 Or peerless chastity.

But oh ! it was thy lowliness,
 Well pleasing to the Lord,
 That made thee worthy to become
 The mother of the Word.

O loftiest, whose humility
 So sweet it was to see,
 That God, forgetful of himself,
 Abased himself to thee.

18.

St. Aloysius.

(June 21st.)

DEAR Saint, who on thy natal day

To Mary's tender care was given,
And did beneath her gentle sway
Almost unsinning pass to heav'n :

Sweet flower which lov'd to bloom unknown,

A Saint 'mid worldly pomp and pride;
Who at the footstep of a throne
Knew nought but Jesus crucified :Blest youth, who cast a crown away,
To be with Christ despis'd and poor;
Teach us to walk our humble way,
Content, though little be our store.May no repining fill our breast
Amid the ills of poverty;Oh, make us feel that we are blest,
To be thus poor with Christ and thee !Teach us like thee to shrink from sin,
Like thee to love sweet purity;
That we from Mary's heart may win
The love she once bestow'd on thee.Thus safe beneath her gentle sway,
Oh, may the grace to us be giv'n,
To pass from earth some happy day,
And join thee in the courts of heav'n.

19. St. Anne, Mother of the
B. V. Mary.

(July 26th.)

SPOTLESS Anna, Juda's glory,
Through the Church from east to west
Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
Holy Mary's mother blest !

Saintly kings and priestly sires
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue all before thee
Didst excel by grace divine.

Link'd in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of high heaven,
Our immortal Virgin star.

From thy stem in beauty budded
Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
Earth from thee received the mother
Of the eternal Son of God.

All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay,
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the long-expected day.

20. Feast of the Assumption of
the B. V. Mary.

(August 15.)

SEE, to God's high temple above
Mounts, amid angel hymns of love,
The mystical ark of grace

See aloft on victory's throne,
Blended in glory both Mother and Son,
In one eternal embrace !

All the sorrows her bosom bore,
All her pains and afflictions sore,
At length supremely repaid ;—
There she reigns on the cloudless height,
Only less than the Lord of light,
In hues immortal arrayed.

There she lives as a fount of grace,
Ever flowing for Adam's race,
And still for ever to flow ;
There, while ages on ages run,
Sweetly, sweetly, she pleads with her Son
For us her children below.

Lady, than all the heavens more high,
More than seraph in purity,
A glance of pity incline !
Teach us to feel, teach us to know,
Teach us in life and death to shew
What treasures of grace are thine.

21. The holy Angel Guardian.

(October 2d.)

Kind Angel guardian, thanks to thee
For thy so watchful care of me ;
Oh, lead me still in ways of truth,
Dear guide of childhood and of youth.

Kind Angel guardian, let my tears
Implore thee too for riper years ;
Oh, keep me safe in wisdom's way,
And bring me back if I should stray.

When angry passions fill my soul,
 Subdue them to thy meek control;
 Through good and ill, oh, ever be
 A guide, a guard, a friend to me.

And when death's hand shall seal mine eyes,
 Oh, bear my spirit to the skies,
 And teach me there my voice to raise
 In hymns of never-ending praise.

22. Saint Teresa.

(October 15th.)

SWEET Saint, in thy young childhood's day
 The thought was in thy infant head,
 That it were sweet to die for Christ,
 And for the faith thy blood to shed.

But God decreed thee not to fall
 By sword of Paynim, Turk, or Moor;
 A living death of martyrdom
 His love reserv'd thee to endure.

Thy youthful follies oft deplo'rd
 To us have made thee still more dear;
 Since we in them have come to know
 Thy candour and thy truth sincere.

For when thy Lord, with sweet reproof,
 Had made to thee thine errors known,
 At once thy frank and loving heart
 Was wholly kept for him alone.

Oh, what a strange instructive scene
 Thy life thenceforth began to be!
 Now suffering dread unheard-of pain,
 Now lost in wondrous ecstasy.

Now contemplating things divine,
 Beyond the power of man to tell;
Now in appalling vision plung'd,
 Amid the hopeless cries of hell.

O sweet Teresa, now at last,
 Thy labours o'er and heaven won,
Thou lovest God without restraint,
 And shinest brighter than the sun.

Ah, then, from thy fair throne above:
 Obtain for us thy children here,
To imitate thy childhood's love,
 In after life to persevere.

23. Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. Mary.

(December 8th.)

HAIL, Mary, only sinless child
 Of guilty Adam's fallen race;
Conceiv'd all pure and undefil'd,
 Through thy dear Lord's preventing grace.

He would not have the blight of sin
 A moment rest thy soul upon;
For pure without, and pure within,
 Must be the Mother of his Son.

No haughty fiend might boast that he
 One moment held thee in his snare,
Who of the dread Divinity
 Wert destin'd for the Temple fair.

So thou wert sinless in thy birth,
And sinless after as before;
The only creature of this earth
Whom sin ne'er cast its shadow o'er.

O sweetest lily! all untorne,
Though nurs'd the thorns of earth among,
To thee we sigh, to thee we mourn,
To thee we lift our suppliant song.

From Satan's snare preserve us free,
And keep us safe from earthly stain,
That in this world we pure may be,
And in the next may see thee reign.



MATER ADMIRABILIS, ORA PRO NOBIS



MATER ADMIRABILIS, ORA PRO NOBIS.

25. A Child's Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

MAIDEN Mother, meek and mild,
Take, oh, take me for thy child.
All my life, oh, let it be
My best joy to think of thee.

When my eyes are clos'd in sleep
Through the night my slumbers keep,
Make my latest thought to be,
How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam bright
Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turn'd to Jesus and to thee.

And, oh, teach me through the day
Oft to raise my heart and say,
"Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh, guard thy little child!"

Thus, sweet Mother, day and night
Thou shalt guide my steps aright;
And my dying words shall be,
"Virgin Mother, pray for me!"

26. Star of Jacob.

STAR of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine,
Mid the stars of highest heaven
Glows no purer ray than thine!

All in stoles of snowy whiteness,
 Unto thee the angels sing;
 Unto thee the virgin choirs,—
 Mother of th' eternal King!

Joyful in thy path they scatter
 Roses white and lilies fair;
 Yet with thy celestial beauty
 Rose nor lily may compare.

Oh, that this low earth of ours,
 Answ'ring to th' angelic strain,
 With thy praises might re-echo,
 Till the heav'ns replied again.

27. Hail, thou Star of Ocean.

HAIL, thou Star of Ocean,
 Portal of the sky,
 Ever Virgin Mother
 Of the Lord most high!

Oh, by Gabriel's Ave,
 Utter'd long ago,
 Eva's name reversing,
 Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters,
 Light on darkness pour;
 All our ills expelling,
 Every bliss implore.

Shew thyself a Mother,
 Offer him our sighs;
 Who for us incarnate
 Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all virgins,
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle,
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavour;
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice for ever.

Through the highest heaven,
To the all-holy Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.

28. Gratitude for the early Knowledge of God.

AMONG the gifts thy hands bestow
Each day and hour on me,
'Tis not the least, O Lord, to know
That they all come from thee.

How joyfully each day I ought
Thy precepts to fulfil,
Since I have been so early taught
To do thy gracious will!

I cannot tell thee what my heart
Would have me say to thee,
For having taught me what thou art,
And what I ought to be.

O Saviour blest and God ador'd,
 Still keep me in thy fear;
 And in my teachers' words, O Lord,
 May I thy voice revere.

29. Hymn to the Geod Shepherd.

Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Keep thy lamb, in safety keep :
 Nothing can thy power withstand,
 None can pluck me from thy hand.

Loving Shepherd, thou didst give
 Thine own life that I might live ;
 May I love thee day by day,
 Gladly thy sweet will obey.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
 Teach thy lamb thy voice to hear ;
 Suffer not my steps to stray
 From the straight and narrow way.

Where thou leadest may I go,
 Walking in thy steps below ;
 Then before thy Father's throne,
 Jesu, claim me for thine own.

30. Litany of the Birth of Jesus.

By the word to Mary giv'n,
 By thy first descent from heav'n,
 By thine infant form so fair,
 Trembling in the midnight air, —

Chorus.

Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry!
 Thou wert helpless once as we;
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, thy children, sing to thee.

By thy poor and lowly lot,
 By the manger and the grot,
 By thy little feet and hands,
 Folded fast in swaddling bands,—
 Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

By the worship shepherds paid,
 By the gifts that sages made,
 Gold and myrrh and incense sweet,
 Laid in homage at thy feet,—
 Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

By St. Joseph's thoughts amaz'd,
 When he first upon thee gaz'd,
 And his Lord and Maker saw
 Laid upon a bed of straw,—
 Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

And oh, more than all the rest,
 By the joy of Mary's breast
 When she, kneeling, first ador'd
 Thee, her child and yet her Lord,—
 Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

31. Litany of the Childhood of Jesus.

By the name which thou didst take,
 Suffering early for our sake;
 Name ador'd on bended knee,
 Name of grace and majesty,—

Chorus.

Child of Mary, hear our cry!
 Thou wert little once as we;
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, thy children, sing to thee.

By the joy of Simeon blest,
 When he clasp'd thee to his breast;
 By the widow'd Anna's song,
 Pour'd amid the wondering throng,—
 Child of Mary, &c.

By thine angel-bidden flight
 Into Egypt in the night;
 By thy home at Herod's death
 In despised Nazareth,—
 Child of Mary, &c.

By thy tender mother's fears,
 By her many sighs and tears,
 As she sought thee night and day,
 Turning back upon her way,—
 Child of Mary, &c.

By her wond'ring love and awe,
 In the Temple when she saw
 Thee, her child, so young and fair,
 Wiser than the wisest there,—
 Child of Mary, &c.

32. Litany of the Passion of Jesus.

By the blood that flow'd from thee
 In thy bitter agony,
 By the scourge so meekly borne,
 By thy purple robe of scorn,—

Chorus.

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry!
 Thou wert suffering once as we;
 Hear the loving Litany
 We, thy children, sing to thee.

By the thorns that crown'd thy head,
 By thy sceptre of a reed,
 By thy footstep faint and slow,
 Weigh'd beneath thy cross of woe,—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

By the nails and pointed spear,
 By thy people's cruel jeer,
 By thy dying prayer which rose
 Begging mercy for thy foes,—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

By the darkness thick as night,
 Blotting out the sun from sight;
 By the cry with which in death
 Thou didst yield thy parting breath,—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

By thy weeping mother's woe,
 By the sword that pierc'd her through,
 When in anguish standing by,
 On the cross she saw thee die,—
 Jesu, Saviour, &c.

33. Litany of the Resurrection of Jesus.

By the first bright Easter-day,
 When the stone was roll'd away;

By the glory round thee shed
At thy rising from the dead,—

Chorus.

King of glory, hear our cry!
Make us soon thy joys to see;
Hear the loving Litany
We, thy children, sing to thee.

By thy mother's fond embrace,
By her joy to see thy face,
When, all bright in radiant bloom,
Thee she welcom'd from the tomb,—
King of glory, &c.

By the joy of Magdalen,
When she saw thee once again,
And entranc'd in rapture sweet,
Knelt to kiss thy sacred feet,—
King of glory, &c.

By their joy who greeted thee
'Mid the hills of Galilee;
By thy keys of might divine,
Vested in St. Peter's line,—
King of glory, &c.

By thy parting blessing giv'n
As thou didst ascend to heav'n;
By the cloud of living light
That receiv'd thee out of sight,—
King of glory, &c.

34. May Jesus Christ be praised!

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be prais'd !
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair:
May Jesus Christ be prais'd !

The sacred minster bell,
It peals o'er hill and dell:
May, &c.
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May, &c.

When you begin the day,
Oh, never fail to say,
May, &c.
And at your work rejoice
To sing with heart and voice,
May, &c.

Be this at meals your grace,
In every time and place,
May, &c.
Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last,
May, &c.

To God the Word on high
The hosts of angels cry,
May, &c.
Let children too upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise :
May, &c.

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound :
 May, &c.
Let air and sea and sky
Through depth and height reply,
 May Jesus Christ be prais'd !

35. Divine Grace.

O Jesus ! my beloved King,
 I give all thanks to thee,
Who by thy cross hast merited
 Celestial grace for me.

In Adam rais'd to dignities
 Transcendent and divine ;
In Adam fallen from the bliss
 That once in him was mine.—

That grace to which my native strength,
 Could never have attain'd,
That grace, O my Incarnate God,
 In thee I have regain'd.

O gift of love ! O gift immense !
 Surpassing nature's law ;
What force to will and to perform
 From this pure fount I draw.

By this how many passing acts,
 Which else had been in vain,
Endued with meritorious power,
 A prize eternal gain !

By this to me is open'd wide,
Through death's inviting door,
A brighter world, a nobler realm
Than Adam lost of yore.

O Jesu ! on whose grace alone
I by thy grace depend,
Grant me the grace to persevere
In grace unto the end.

36. Mother of Mercy.

MOTHER of Mercy, day by day
My love of thee grows more and more ;
Thy gifts are strown upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

Though poverty and work and woe
The masters of my life may be ;
In darkest hours, who does not know
That all is light with love of thee ?

Ah, little know they of thy worth
Who would thy love deny to me ;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One-half so tenderly as thee ?

Oh, gain me grace to love thee more ;
Thy Son will give if thou wilt plead :
And, Mother, when life's cares are o'er,
Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.

My Lord, when his three hours were run,
Bequeath'd thee from the cross to me ;
And oh, how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother, if I love not thee ?

37. Faith of our Fathers.

FAITH of our fathers! living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
 Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

Chorus.

Faith of our fathers! holy Faith!
 We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free;
 How sweet would be their children's fate,
 If they like them could die for thee!
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
 Shall win our country back to thee
 And through the truth that comes from God,
 Oh, then indeed shall we be free.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach thee too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! guile and force
 To do thee bitter wrong unite;
 But England's saints shall fight for us,
 And bring us back thy blessed light.
 Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our Fathers.

(For Ireland.)

FAITH of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
Oh, Ireland's hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er they hear that glorious word.

Chorus.

Faith of our fathers! holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers chain'd in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they like them could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! Mary's prayers
Shall keep our country fast to thee;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Oh, we shall prosper and be free.
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! &c.

Faith of our fathers! guile and force
To do thee bitter wrong unite;
But Erin's saints shall fight for us,
And keep undimm'd thy blessed light.
Faith of our fathers! &c.

38. *The last Farewell.*

(A Hymn on Death.)

Come, my soul, and let us dwell
On each ring'ring last farewell,
Which at no far distant day
Thou perforce wilt have to pay
To whatever here below
Shall have made thy joy or woe.

Fare ye well—I hear thee sigh—
Fare ye well, O earth and sky!
Morning's golden tissued ray,
Changing hours of night and day,
Wood and valley, sea and shore,
I may see your face no more!

Fare ye well, affections vain,
Full of pleasure, full of pain;
Home and friends and kindred dear,
All that was my comfort here;
My poor eyes are closing fast,
Now I look on you my last.

Dimmer, dimmer grows the light!
Now 'tis thick descending night!
Oh, when next again I see,
What a sight awaiteth me!
Speechless standing, all alone,
Right before the judgment throne.

39. Hymn before the Image of Mary.

HOLY Queen, we bend before thee,
Queen of purity divine;
Make us love thee, we implore thee,
Make us truly to be thine.

Unto thee a Child was given,
Greater than the sons of men;
Coming down from highest heaven,
To create the world again.

Thou by faith the gates unfolding
Of the kingdom in the skies,
Hast to us, by faith beholding,
Shewn the land of Paradise.

Thou, when deepest night infernal
Had for ages shrouded man,
Gavest us that light eternal
Promis'd when the world began.

Teach, oh teach us, holy Mother,
How to conquer every sin,
How to love and help each other,
How the prize of life to win.

Teach us how all earthly pleasures,
All the world's enchanting bloom,
Are outrivall'd by the treasures
Of the glorious world to come.

Oh, by that Almighty Maker,
Whom thyself a virgin bore;
Oh, by thy supreme Creator,
Link'd with thee for evermore.—

By the hope thy name inspires,
 By our doom rever'sd through thee,
 Bring us, Queen of angel choirs,
 To a blest eternity.

40. Divine Providence.

BEHOLD the lilies of the field,
 They neither toil nor sow ;
 Yet God doth all things needful yield,
 That they may bud and blow.

Not Solomon in glory shone
 Like one of these poor flowers,
 That look to God, and God alone,
 For sunshine and for showers.

And does his mercy value less
 The offspring of his grace ?
 And will a Father's love not bless
 The child that seeks his face ?

Oh, then away with fear and care
 For all that may betide :
 And turn to God in trustful pray'r,
 And in his love confide.

He is our Father, and he knows
 His earthly children's need ;
 On all our daily wants and woes
 He looks with careful heed.

41. If e'er my heart in riper years.

If e'er my heart in riper years
 Shall beat with anguish, grief, or fears,
 My Jesus he will hear each moan,
 And gently say, " Thou'rt not alone."

Though fled were every earthly friend
On whom I might or could depend;
Though left by all, to all unknown,
He still will say, "Thou'rt not alone."

Though cherish'd ones around me die,
And sever'd be each earthly tie;
I still may seek my Saviour's throne,
And hear him say, "Thou'rt not alone."

Se too, when all my years are past,
And life her race hath run at last,
My God, thou wilt not me disown,
To whom thou saidst, "Thou'rt not alone."

42. Hymn to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

O Jesu, it were surely sweet
To sit and listen at thy feet,
With those who in thy life drew near
Thy words of wondrous grace to hear.

And it were sweet to walk with thee
Along the shores of Galilee;
Or, safe embark'd in Peter's boat,
O'er its blue waves with thee to float.

Yet sweeter far it is to pray
Before thine altar night and day,
And feel the love which bids thee lie
Thus wrapt in holiest mystery.

Yes, Jesus! thou art hidden thus
On this poor earth for love of us;
And yet, upon thine altar-throne,
Too oft we leave thee all alone.

Ah, since it is thy chief delight
To dwell with us both day and night,
Sweet Jesus, make it ours to be
Both night and day to stay with thee.

43. Hymn of Thanksgiving after Communion.

(1.)

WHAT happiness can equal mine?
I've found the object of my love;
My Saviour and my Lord divine
Is come to me from heav'n above.
He makes my heart his own abode,
His flesh becomes my daily bread;
He pours ou me his healing blood,
And with his life my soul is fed.

My love is mine, and I am his;
In me he dwells, in him I live:
Where could I taste a purer bliss?
What greater boon could Jesus give?
O royal banquet! heav'nly feast!
O flowing fount of life and grace!
Where God the Giver, man the guest,
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear Jesus, now my heart is thine,
Oh, may it never from thee fly
My God, be thou for ever mine,
And I thine own eternally.
No more, O Satan, thee I fear!
O world, thy charms I now despise!
For Christ himself is with me here,
My joy, my life, my paradise.

44. Hymn of Thanksgiving after Communion.

(II.)

Ah! what is this enchanting calm
Which thus with peace my bosom fills,
Which o'er my spirit pours a balm,
And through my inmost being thrills?

Is there some seraph hither sent,
Diffusing sweetness from his wings,
To steep my bosom in content
Unknown, unfelt, from earthly things?

No! something purer far must dwell
Within this raptur'd soul of mine;
Tis what no mortal tongue can tell,
'Tis more than heav'nly, 'tis divine.

My God! my Jesus! it is thou
Art ravishing my heart with bliss;
Thy presence is within me now:
Ah! could I ask a boon like this?

Yes! stooping from thy throne above,
Thou wilt not dwell from man apart;
Thy dearest home becomes, through love,
The tabernacle of my heart.

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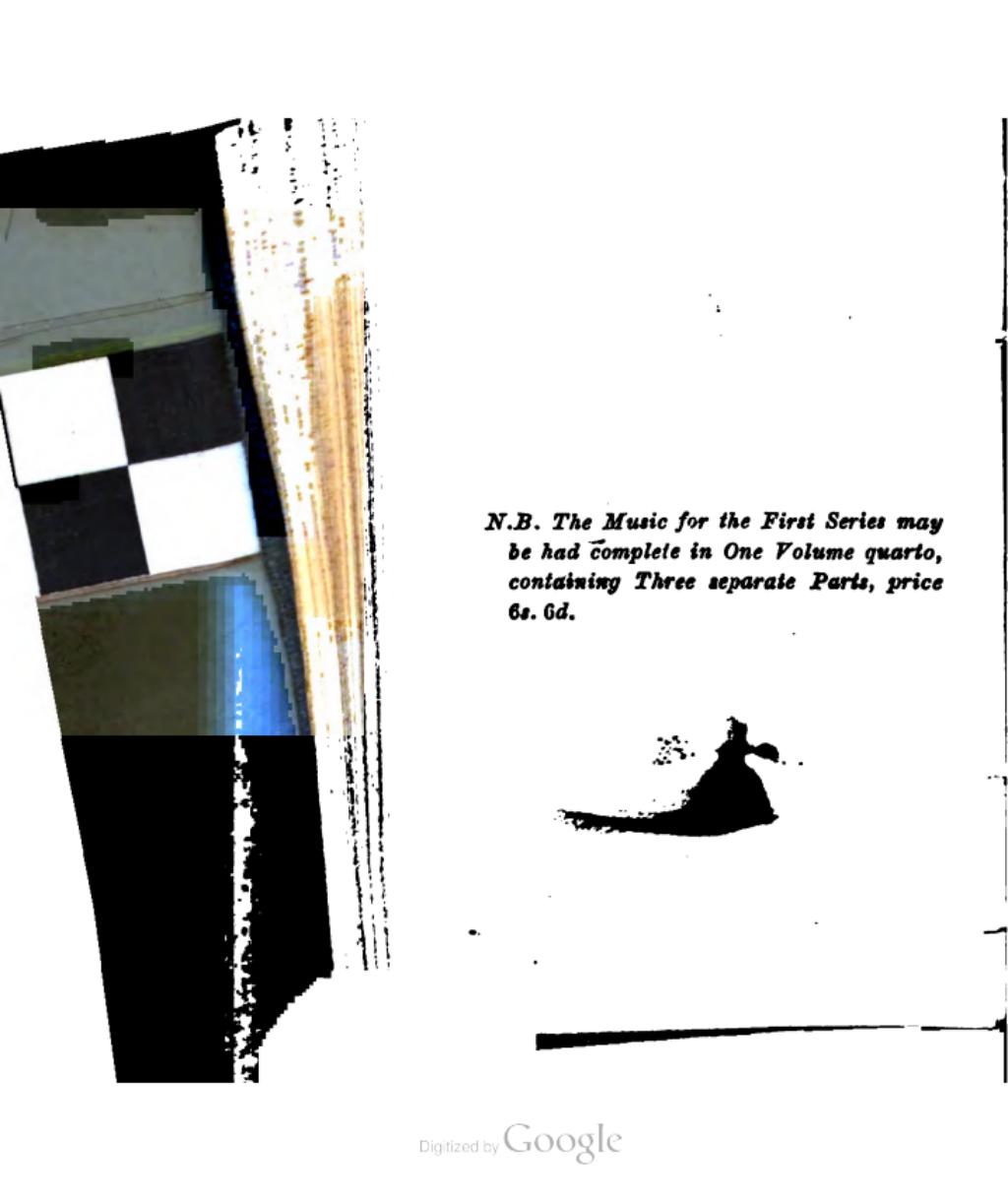
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SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME TO ME

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SACRED SONGS.

1. Suffer the little Children to come to Me.

WHEN Jesus halted on his way,
And many throng'd to see,
Though some forbade, yet would he say,
"Come, little ones, to me."

Oh, happy then that infant band
That gather'd round his knee,
And happy they who kiss'd the hand
That bled to set them free.

Had I been near him on that day,
His gracious smile to see;
Had I been near to hear him say,
"Come, little ones, to me;"—

Oh, what were then a throne above
Or seraph's seat on high,
Compar'd with one sweet glance of love
From that all-pitying eye !

Yet, hast thou not, my Lord and God,
 Though on thy throne above,
 Still here on earth thy own abode,
 The Altar of thy love ?

Oh, thither, then, let me repair,
 Thy gracious smile to see,
 And hear thee say in stillness there,
 "Come, little one, to me."

2. The Little Mariners' Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.

A LITTLE boat with snow-white sail
 Is floating on the summer sea ;
 Oh, lightly moves it with the gale,
 And all its crew are children three.
 Kind Heaven, grant no harm betide
 Their fragile bark when night falls dim ;
 And hark, the breeze bears far and wide
 The little fishers' evening hymn.

" Poor fishermen, too weak are we
 To stem the rolling ocean's wave ;
 And, Mary, we have turn'd to thee,
 A mother's gentle help to crave.
 Hail, Mary ! star of ocean, hail !
 Oh, hear the hymn we sing to thee,
 The while we trim our shifting sail,
 And shape our course across the sea.

Oh, deign our feeble toil to bless,
 And keep old Ocean calm the while ;

Oh, grant us, Mary, good success,
And make our home with plenty smile.
Hail, &c.

Sweet Mother, light our outward track,
Poor helpless little fishers three,
And bring our boat in safety back,
Across the wide and pathless sea.
Hail, &c.

3. The Angelus Bells.

(A Song for Three Children.)

First Child. MORNING.

HAIL, Mary ! now the sun is up;
All things around look glad and bright,
And heatherbell and buttercup
Shake off the dewdrops of the night.
The lambs are frisking in the fields,
The lark is singing in the sky;
And man his wakening tribute yields
To thee and thy sweet Son on high.

Second Child. NOON.

Hail, Mary ! midway in the sky
The noon tide sun its lustre sheds ;
The field-flowers almost seem to die,
So low they hang their drooping heads.
The lambs have sought the woodland shade,
The lark has ceas'd his note of glee ;
And pausing in the furrow'd glade,
The ploughman lifts his hat to thee.

Third Child. EVENING.

Hail, Mary ! now the sun is far
Adown his western path of light;

The flowers, beneath the evening star,
 Drink up the dewdrops of the night.
The lambs are by their mothers laid,
 The lark is brooding o'er its nest;
And when the evening prayer is made,
 E'en busy man will be at rest.

4. The Story of the Little Web.

THERE liv'd, as holy legends tell,
 A widow ag'd, infirm, and poor,
Who hardly earn'd her daily bread
 By weaving at her cottage door.

And scanty is the meed that she
 Can for her toilsome work receive,
For year by year, one little web
 Is all that she has strength to weave.

The year is past, the little web
 Lies stretch'd upon the cottage floor;
And she, with hopeful trust and joy,
 Is musing on her promis'd store;

When fiercely to her lone abode
 A troop of soldiers bursts its way,
And heedless of her prayers and tears,
 Has borne the little web away.

To seek the holy Oswyn's tomb,
 With tott'ring step, behold her speed,
And beg the sainted martyr's prayer
 May help her in her hour of need.

But vain were all her sighs and tears,
 No sign of peace St. Oswyn shews;
All answerless she turns away,
 And full of sadness homeward goes.

The morning dawns, a favouring breeze
 Beats in the calm of Tynemouth Bay,
 And fills the vessel's swelling sails,
 That bears the little web away.

But ere the sun rose high in heav'n,
 There thickens round a gathering storm,
 And night-fall sees the winds and waves
 Sweep o'er that vessel's shatter'd form.

The north wind drifts upon the shore
 The corpses of the shipwreck'd crew ;
 The aged widow's awe-struck eyes
 Her proud oppressor lifeless view.

And in his hand—oh, wondrous sight !—
 The little web uninjur'd lay,
 The same which he with cruel grasp
 But yester-eve had borne away

5. St. Monica.

To ancient Milan's city fair,
 Where holy Ambrose dwelt,
 A woman came in deepest wo,
 And at his feet she knelt :

" Father, I weep both day and night,
 My very heart is riv'n,
 My unbelieving son is still
 By pride and passion driven.

He wanders to and fro on earth,
 His spirit seeking rest ;
 And finding none, he drains a cup
 By God and man unblest.

His voice, O Father, still upholds
Each impious sect in turn,
And men from his impassion'd words
Pernicious errors learn."

"Rise, daughter, rise," the saint replied,
"Take courage from thy fears;
The child will not be lost for whom
A mother sheds such tears."

For Austin unbaptized it was
That weeping mother pray'd,
And on Saint Austin's breast at last
Her dying head was laid.

6. Life a Flower of the Field.

THE sun had risen, the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the morning dew,
And cheerful sounds and busy feet
Pass'd the lone meadows through;
While rolling like a flowery sea,
In waves of gay and spiry bloom,
The hay-fields rippled merrily,
In beauty and perfume.

I saw the early mowers pass
At morn along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank the shining grass
Around them quickly fell.
I look'd, and far and wide at noon
The morning's fallen flowers were spread;
And all, as rose the evening moon,
Beneath the scythe were dead.

All flesh is grass, the Scriptures say,
And so through life's brief span we find;
Cut down as in a summer day
Are all of human kind.
Some, while the morning still is fair,
Will fall in youth's sweet op'ning prime;
The heat of mid-day some will bear,
But all lie low in time.

Y-
O mournful thought! ah, how to me
It breathes a solemn warning tale!
I soon a broken stem shall be,
Like those that strew the vale.
At early dawn or closing light
The silent hand of death may fall:
Oh, may I learn this lesson right,
So full of truth for all!

7. The Good Shepherd.

I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the
plain,
As homeward he carried his lost one again:
I marvell'd how gently his burden he bore,
And as he pass'd by me I knelt to adore.

—
Oh, Shepherd, Good Shepherd, thy wounds
they are deep,
The wolves have sore hurt thee in saving
thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in
thy side?

Ah me, how the thorns have entangled thy hair,
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair !
How feebly thou drawest thy faltering breath,
And lo, on thy face is the paleness of death !

Oh, Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
Such grievous affliction hath fallen on thee ?
Oh, then let me strive, for the love thou hast borne,
To give thee no longer occasion to mourn.

8. The Christian Mother's Cradle Hymn.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than thy Saviour chose to be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay ;
For his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Was there nothing but a manger
 Hapless sinners could afford,
 To receive the heavenly stranger,
 Their Redeemer and their Lord?

See, the humble shepherds round him
 Gaze with mingled love and fear;
 Where they sought him, there they found
 him,
 With his virgin Mother near,
 Lo, he slumbers in his manger;
 Where the horned oxen feed;
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 Here no ox is near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 From the ever-burning flame,
 Bitter groans and endless crying,
 That this holy Infant came.
 May'st thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days,
 Then to dwell for ever near him,
 See his face, and sing his praise.

9. A Christmas Song.

How poor and mean this little bed
 On which my Saviour lies!
 Yet did he the vast ocean spread,
 And paint the fair blue skies.

Ah, then how sweet shall be to me
 The lot my Lord did share,
 And dearer far his poverty
 Than treasures rich and rare!

How helpless seems this Infant God,
 How weak his little form!
 Yet nature trembles at his nod,
 He rules the wintry storm.

When I am helpless, weak, or low,
 I will not grieve or sigh,
 For I will think my Lord was so,
 Though he was God most high.

Oh, let me love the paths he trod,
 And strive like him to be;
 Since he, although my Lord and God,
 Has lov'd to be like me.

10. The Evening is closing.

THE evening is closing: the branches
 among
 The little birds nestling, have finish'd their
 song;
 The mother bird's wings o'er her young
 ones are spread,
 And the stars, one by one, now peep out
 overhead.

Oh, the foxes have holes, and each bird
 has its nest,
 But I know of One who found nowhere to
 rest;
 A stranger he walk'd through the world he
 had made,
 And found not a place where to pillow his
 head.

It was thou, who to set thy lost little ones
free,
Endured'st, dear Lord, thy sad death on the
tree.
Unnotic'd by thee not a sparrow may fall,
And thy Cross is the shadow encompassing
all.

O Jesu, 'mid darkness I know thou art near,
Thine arm is around me, no evil I fear ;
Thou, Lord, while I sleep keepest watch
over me,
And when I wake up I am present with
thee.

Thy mercies each morning and evening are
new,
And so should my song of thanksgiving be
too ;
But oh, 'tis thy grace that alone can impart
A grateful, a loving, a sanctified heart.

11. The Passion Flower.

FLOWER, whose mystic beauty tells of One
Who died for me,
Of earth's blooming children there are none
I love like thee.
Picture thou of Christ's most blessed cross
To gentle, faithful eyes,
Pointing brightly from a world of dross
To yonder skies.

There sweet Jesus reigns, and angels fair
 His throne surround;
Blessed saints who bore his cross are there,
 With glory crown'd.
Then, my soul, be thou in every hour
 To God thy Saviour given,
And be now on earth a Passion-flower,
 To bloom in heaven.

12. The Little Babe is dead.

(A dialogue between a mother and child.)

Child.

THE little babe is dead, it lies
 Its coffin small within,
And clos'd are both its pretty eyes,
 And waxen white its skin.
Ah, where is now the thing that play'd
 Like light around its face,
Which all its infant movements made
 So full of life and grace ?

And can this be the merry child
 That was so fond of me,
Who never saw me but he smil'd
 And clapp'd his hands in glee ?
It seems, and yet it seems not him ;
 'Tis like him and 'tis not :
Oh, what has made his look so dim,
 Or can I have forgot ?

Mother.

No, darling, thou hast not forgot ;
 Our own sweet babe we see :

It is both like him and 'tis not,
 And yet indeed 'tis he.
 The thing that fill'd his eyes with light,
 And there divinely glow'd,
 That thing it was the spirit bright,
 And now it lives with God.

Then think how fair that soul must be
 Which gives such grace to clay;
 And think how too there glows in thee
 The same celestial ray.
 All beaming like a seraph bright,
 It lives thy breast within,
 And nought can quench that spirit's light
 Except the breath of sin.

Oh, would'st thou then undimin'd maintain
 The lustre of the soul,
 Each evil thought thou must restrain,
 Each sinful wish control.
 And be it now thine anxious care,
 As then thy joy 'twill be,
 To give it back to God as fair
 As when he gave it thee.

13. Jesus walking upon the Sea.

The waves are breaking snowy white
 On the lake of Galilee,
 The howling wind throughout the night
 Upheaves the raging sea.

And tossing mid that tempest's roar
Are twelve poor fishermen,
Who vainly ply the struggling oar,
The wish'd-for coast to gain:

When Jesus walks, amid the storm,
Upon the raging tide;
And bids the tremblers fear no harm,
And bids the storm subside.

O Jesu, when my soul is toss'd
On wild temptation's wave,
When confidence and hope are lost,
Be thou at hand to save.

Amid my darkness, grief, and pain,
Come, Jesu, then to me;
As erst to those poor fishermen
On the lake of Galilee.

14. The Little Children.

SPORTING through the forest wide,
Playing by the water-side,
Wand'ring o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen;
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright, and countless everywhere.

In the far isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the rugged mountain glen
'Mid the tribes of savage men,

Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone,
 Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
 O'er a league of peopled ground,
 Little children may be found.

Little children, not alone
 On the wide earth are ye known,
 'Mid its labours, 'mid its cares,
 'Mid its sufferings, 'mid its snares;
 Where no sinful thing hath trod,
 In the presence of your God,
 Spotless, blameless, glorified,
 Little children, ye abide.

15. The wounded Side of Jesus.

There is an everlasting home
 Where contrite souls may hide,
 Where death and danger dare not come—
 The Saviour's side!
 It was a cleft of matchless love
 Open'd when he had died,
 When mercy hail'd in worlds above—
 That wounded side.

Hail! Rock of ages, pierc'd for me,
 The grave of all my pride;
 Hope, peace, and heav'n are all in thee,
 Thy shelt'ring side.
 Thence issued forth a double flood,
 The sin-atoning tide,
 In streams of water and of blood,
 From that dear side.

Hail, only living Fount of bliss,
In joy and sorrow tried,
No refuge for the heart like this,
Thou spear-pierc'd side!
Hail, thou the golden gate of heaven!
The entrance for the bride,
From whence the crown of life is giv'n,
Sweet Jesu's side!

16. Oh, blessed is my Baby Boy.

(The Christian Mother.)

"Oh, blessed is my baby boy!"
Thus spoke a mother to her child,
And kiss'd him with excess of joy:
He look'd into her face and smil'd.
But as the mother breath'd his name,
The fervent prayer was scarcely said,
Convulsions shook his infant frame—
The mother's only hope was dead!

Yet still her fervent trust she kept
In Him who changes grief to joy;
And still she whisper'd as she wept,
"Oh, blessed is my baby boy,
Oh, blessed is my baby boy,
And sweet the hope when life is o'er
Again to see, in endless joy,
His darling face, and part no more!"

17. The Voice of the Flowers.

DEAR Lord, who in thy love so great
 Didst frame this world of ours,
 And its fair robe of green create,
 All bright with blooming flowers :
 By thy sweet will, o'er hill and dale,
 Each plant and leafy tree
 Are bearers of a welcome tale,
 That speaks to us of thee.

The little snowdrop's hardy birth
 Amid the winter's snow,
 Thine infant days on this rude earth
 In Beth'hem's cave doth shew.
 In the fair Lily's spotless white
 Thy virgin life we see ;
 Oh, make it, Lord, our fond delight
 Thus to resemble thee.

As day by day the budding rose
 Unveils its blushing hue,
 So doth thy tender love disclose
 A beauty ever new.
 And e'en the violet of the dell
 Has its own word of thee,
 Delighting evermore to tell
 Of thy humility.

Thus not a plant that scents the gale,
 Or blossom on the tree,
 But tells its own instructive tale,
 O loving Lord, of thee.

Nor these alone, but all we see
Around us and above
Extol thy grace and majesty,
And speak thy boundless love.

18. The Song of the Innocents of Bethlehem.

The little church with flowers is strown,
The lights are gleaming bright,
For Jesus from his altar-throne
His blessing gives to-night.
Methinks before that altar fair
An infant band I see,
And childlike voices fill the air
Which sing these words to me :

" We are the little ones who died
For Bethlehem's Infant slain ;
Cut down through cruel Herod's pride,
That he in peace might reign.
But now we sing a cherub band
Before the Christ Child bright ;
With palm and lily in each hand,
And robes of glistening white.

Then, little children, fear ye not
To join our joyous strain,
And sing the Lamb without a spot
On Calvary's mountain slain.
For though your home is on the earth,
And ours in heaven above,
Yet are we one by human birth,
And one in Christ's dear love.

And though our eyes are ever blest
 His face unveil'd to see,
 He comes to you a hidden guest,
 To make you blest as we.
 Then, little children, fear ye not
 To join our joyous strain;
 And sing the Lamb without a spot
 On Calvary's mountain slain."

19. The London Watercress Girl.

BEFORE the winter's day had dawn'd,
 When London streets were still,
 And through the close-shut window-frame
 The morning air came chill,
 A barefoot child pass'd down the street,
 With creases on her head;
 And as her mother paus'd to kneel,
 With wond'ring look she said:

" O mother! will you tell me why,
 When we pass by this way,
 You fold your hands and bend the knee
 As if you stopp'd to pray?
 The street is still,—except ourselves
 No creature can I see;
 And surely to these empty walls
 You would not bend the knee?"

" These are no empty walls, my child,"
 That mother made reply;
 " The temple of the Lord of hosts
 We now are passing by.

I cannot see him, but I know
That angels kneel and gaze
Around the altar, where for us
In patient love he stays.

Great Lord, what wondrous love was thine
To choose this poor abode !
Ah, dearest child—believe it well,—
This church contains our God.”
Then child and mother bow'd again
In that cold silent street,
And went once more upon their way
With shoeless, shiv'ring feet.

20. The Visit to the Image of Mary.

COME let us here repose, and gaze
On Mary's face awhile;
We wander to and fro all day,
And now we want her smile.
The godless look of things without,
Oh, how it drives us here,
To prize with grateful hearts the bliss
Of finding Mary near !

The very walls we pass each day
Cry out their impious tale ;
And blasphemies are heard that make
The stoutest spirit quail.
Oh, leave we, then, the crowded streets,
Their noise and dust and glare ;
We've thought and talk'd and sinn'd since
morn,
We need a moment's prayer.

A prayer breath'd forth will calm the soul;
Faith lifts the veil, and we,
Children of Mary, see her star
Shine o'er the restless sea.
We gaze with faith's rejoicing eye
On what seemed dark erewhile;
Then to the world and home we bear
The brightness of her smile.

21. How fleeting all my pleasures
seem !

How fleeting all my pleasures seem !
No joy in them I find;
They pass like morning's early beam,
And leave no trace behind.
That lily nurs'd with fond delight,
So fragrant and so fair,
Struck down, alas ! by sudden blight,
It dies, despite my care.

And all the bright and sunny flowers
I've watch'd from day to day,
They bloom their few short summer hours,
And then they fade away.
Yet, as they fade and disappear,
Methinks I hear them cry,
"Dear little friend, so young and fair,
Remember you must die."

Ah, yes ! and may I on that day,
When Jesus calls me hence,
Like my fair lily, pass away
In spotless innocence.

And like the rose whose sweets outlive
Its gay and fleeting bloom,
May I fair virtue's odour give
E'en from the silent tomb.

22. The Christmas Tree.

(From the German.)

'TWAS on the night the Lord was born,
When through the festive town
A stranger child, and all forlorn,
Went wandering up and down.

At every house he stopp'd to gaze,
Where, hung with stars of light,
The Christmas-tree shot forth its rays
Through many a window bright.

Then wept the child, "Alas for me,
Here wandering all alone!
To-night all have their Christmas-tree,
But I—poor I—have none!"

I too have play'd round such at home,
With sisters hand in hand;
And now a stranger child I roam,
Unpitied in the land.

"No loving smile awaits me now,
O holy Christ and dear;
Except thou love me, only thou,
I am forgotten here."

He spoke, when lo, with wand of light
And voice how heavenly sweet,
Another child, all rob'd in white,
Came gliding up the street.

- "The holy Christ," he said, "am I,
 A child the same as thee;
 If all forget and pass thee by,
 Thou'rt not forgot by me.
 And I myself for thee will raise
 A tree so full of light,
 That those in yonder halls which blaze
 Shall seem to fade from sight.
 While yet he speaks, from earth to sky
 A golden tree had sprung,
 With stars in clust'ring radiancy
 Amid its branches hung.
 How near and yet how far it seem'd,
 How bath'd in floods of light;
 The child stood near and thought he dream'd,
 It look'd so wondrous bright.
 He thought he dream'd, while from above
 The angels o'er him smil'd,
 And gently stretched their arms in love
 Towards the stranger child.
 They lift, they bear him from the ground,
 Up through the shining space;
 And now the outcast one has found
 With Christ his resting-place.

23. The Landing of St. Augustine in Britain.

- The heathen monarch sits enthron'd
 In all his pomp and pride,
 With twice ten thousand men at arms
 Assembled at his side.

He greets the band of holy men
Who march in pain and toil,
To plant the banner of the Cross
In Britain's sea-girt isle.

Not in the strength of man they come,
No human arms they bear;
Their armour is the shield of faith,
Their weapons fast and prayer.

To Faith's good fight in holy trust,
In courage calm and high,
Their fearless leader guides them on,
To conquer or to die.

They come, and soon the heathen gods
Before them prostrate fall,
As erst of old to trumpet's clang
Fell down a city's wall.

O blessed day, whose light illumes
The present and the past;
Thy fire of faith must still burn on,
As long as time shall last:—

Though faint and feeble now perchance,
Yet still a deathless flame;
And ages yet unborn shall learn
To bless Augustine's name.

24. The Annunciation.

The day is o'er, the moon serenely beaming,
In silver light hath field and forest drest;

— A thousand twinkling stars are gently gleaming,
The world is hush'd, and all is laid to rest.

Save one, who wakeful in her lonely dwelling,
Of Juda born, a stem of Jesse's rod,
— A virgin pure, all others far excelling,
Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer to God.

The while she prays, behold the silence broken,
She starts, a look of fear o'erpreads her face;
She hears, till then to mortal ears unspoken,
Those words of love, " Hail, Lady, full of grace!"

Fear not, the Lord is with thee; thou art chosen
The Virgin Mother of thy God to be;
And many a heart in sin and guilt now frozen,
Shall melt beneath the sunbeam born of thee."

— O Spouse of God, O Queen of earth and heaven,
O holy Mother of the Incarnate Word,
In meekest accents is thine answer given,
" Behold the willing handmaid of the Lord."

25. St. Agnes.

WHEN Pagans warr'd against the Cross,
And rudely braved the Saviour's power,
Array'd in smiling innocence,
There bloom'd in Rome a lily flower.

With fair round cheek and laughing eye,
In artless sweet simplicity,
Along the crowded streets of Rome
See little Agnes passes by.

And round her is a merry troop
Of schoolmates gay, returning home
Ah, little know those guileless hearts
How soon an evil day may come!

How soon that Saviour's name of love,
So sweet to their young infancy,
May claim of them their heart's best blood,
In throes of mortal agony.

For oft as through the busy street
Sweet Agnes pass'd in maiden pride,
A noble youth observ'd the child,
And sought to gain her for his bride.

Ah, reckless suitor, wouldst thou seize
A gem that not to thee is giv'n;
So sweet a flower blooms not for earth,
It ripens for its home in heaven.

Ah, canst thou think the tribunes' hall,
The lictor's axe, the torturer's art,
The gloating crowd,—that these are things
To win a gentle maiden's heart?

The prætor speaks, the doom is giv'n,—
Of maiden honour what reck they?
The gentle Agnes forth is led
To the dread place of infamy.

Yet, ruthless spoiler, come not nigh,
An eye unseen is watching here;
Beware yon angel's outstretch'd arm,
With sword of vengeance glistening near.

Hush'd is the crowd, in still suspense
They gaze, they strain their eager eyes,
The hour is come—the axe has gleam'd,
The snow-white lily falls and dies.

Yet, ere the veil of sense is rent,
And ere life's blood has ceas'd to flow,
A vision sweet of heavenly joy
Is sent to soothe the suff'rer's wo.

A bright and festive angel band
Has watch'd the dying maiden's love,
And gently bear her in their arms
To blissful seats of light above.

Then, sweetest Agnes, now in bliss,
Look down and hear thy children's prayer
From heaven above, oh, shew to us
A mother's love, a sister's care.

And ask, O gentle Patroness,
That all the youthful company
Of those who love thee here below
May find their home in heaven with thee.

26. It is a joyful thing to die.
(A dialogue between two children.)

Brother.

It is a joyful thing to die ;
For though this world is fair,
I dream I see a lovelier one,
And fancy I am there.
Methinks that I am borne away
As soon as I have died ;
And wander round a pleasant place,
With an angel by my side.

To that bright world I long to go,
I would not linger here ;
Except for gentle mother's sake,
And yours, my sister dear.
But when I read my book to her,
And when I play with you,
I quite forget that glorious land,
And blessed Angel too.

Yet oft, when I am wearied grown
Of reading and of play,
These pleasant dreams come back again
And steal my heart away.
And then again I seem to wish,
That mother, you, and I
Could shut our eyes upon the world,
And all together die.

Sister.

Ah, brother ! if indeed it be
That heaven is so fair,

If it be such a pleasant place,
 Oh, let us hasten there!
Our mother wept when father died
 Until her eyes were dim,
And oft I think she longs to go
 And be at rest with him.

Moral.

Ah, children dear! you speak a truth
 Whose depth you little see;
Most blest it is to pass from hence
 In infant purity.
Yet blest are also they who live
 Through years of good and ill,
To serve their Lord, and day by day
 To do his holy will.

27. I am made for God.

The sun that gives me heat and light,
The moon that cheers the gloom of night;
The stars that sparkle in the sky,
Like friendly eyes that watch on high:

— The boundless sea, the spacious land,
Whate'er is great, or rich, or grand;—
All these, and more than eye can see,
The Lord has made for love of me.

— And he has made these works divine,
To win this wayward heart of mine;
To make me do his blessed will,
And daily love him better still.

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James-Wiecher

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Yet, Lord, my heart's best love is giv'n
Not for these works of earth and heav'n;
For morning's incense-breathing air,
Or evening's charms however fair:

No! may thy holy name be blest
For this one gift above the rest,—
That having made all things for me,
Thou, Lord, hast made myself for thee.

28. There's not a Leaf within
the Bower.

THERE's not a leaf within the bower,
There's not a bird upon the tree,
There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
But bears an impress, Lord, of thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf design'd,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone,
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combin'd
Till with the diamond's blaze they shone.

Thus dewdrops, leaves, and birds, and all,
The greatest as the smallest things,
The starry skies, the earth's round ball,
Alike proclaim thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous heav'n
The strains of grateful love can raise,
To man alone the grace is giv'n
To join the angelic choirs in praise.

29. The Legend of the Infant Jesus serving at Mass.

COME, children, all whose joy it is
To serve at Holy Mass,
And hear what once in days of faith
In England came to pass.

It chanc'd a priest was journeying
Through wildering ways of wood;
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.

He stay'd his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning Mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
That near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the Holy Mass,
For all is silent there!
He kneels him down, and patient waits
The peasant's hour of prayer.

When lo! a child of wondrous grace
Before the altar steals,
And down beside that lowly priest
In infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet,
Like distant music low;
With downcast eye, and ready hand,
And footfall hush'd and slow.

"Et Verbum caro factum est,"
He lingers till he hears;
Then turning to the Virgin's shrine,
In glory disappears.

So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name,
For once to serve at Holy Mass
The infant Jesus came.

30. Hymn to the Infant Jesus asleep in the arms of Mary.

SLEEP, Jesus, sleep,
Upon thy Mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see thee lie
In such a place of rest!

Sleep, Jesus, sleep;
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Jesus, sleep;
Oh, take thy brief repose;
Too quickly will thy slumbers break,
And thou to lengthen'd pains awake,
Which death alone shall close.

Then must those hands
Which now so small I see,

Those little pearly feet of thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me !

Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive ;
That cheek, more lovely than the rose,
Be drench'd with blood and marr'd with
blows,
That I thereby may live !

O Mary blest,
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry ;
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the cross to die.

THE END.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY LEVY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

SCHOOL SONGS

AND

Poetry,

TO WHICH

MUSIC IS ADAPTED.

PART III.

DESCRIPTIVE AND AMUSING PIECES ON
GENERAL SUBJECTS,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, ETC.

LONDON:
BURNS AND LAMBERT,
17 PORTMAN STREET.

25

School Songs and Poetry,

To which Music is adapted.

IN PREPARATION,

PART I.

Sacred Series.

**ON SUBJECTS SACRED, MORAL, AND
ECCLESIASTICAL.**

NOTICE.

PART III. of "School Songs and Poetry" forms a continuation of the Juvenile Series, Part II., suited to more general use. It contains a collection of school poetry adapted either for general purposes as a reading book, or for recitation and singing. For this latter purpose the pieces are connected with appropriate airs, published separately under the title of the "Young Singer's Book of Songs," where they are arranged, with the words, for the voice and the pianoforte (Burns and Lambert).

The introduction, admitted on all hands to be so desirable, of the recreation of singing into the school-room, often meets with an impediment, in the difficulty of commanding at all times the services of a competent music-master. The airs, however, to which the songs in this collection are adapted in the "Young Singer's Book of Songs" are for the most part so easy an'

singable, that in the absence of the music lesson, where the managers of a school could procure even the occasional visits of any person with a voice competent to sing them to the children in the school-room, there are few children in a school who would not rapidly pick up the airs from imitation. On this plan, if those of the children who had the readiest natural ear and voice for a tune were allowed to learn the air by themselves first, the practice of singing might afterwards from them, rapidly spread throughout the school, to an extent quite sufficient for the purposes of recreation. Even where there is a music lesson in the school conducted by a professional person, it may often be prudent to take special care that the design of school-singing, which is to promote a spirit of healthy social cheerfulness and animation, is not overlooked in the desire to produce a few skilful pupils.

H. F.

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N.B.—The words of the Songs by Mrs. Howitt, the Rev. Ed. Caawall, Mrs. Hemans, H. F., and others, are copyright.

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N.B.—The numbers here referred to also correspond with the numbers of the tunes in the *Young Singer's Book of Songs*.

PART III.

ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

1. The Lady-bird.

O LADY-BIRD, Lady-bird, fly away home!
The squirrel and field-mouse have gone
to their nest;
The daisies have shut up their sleepy red
eyes,
The bees and the insects and birds are
at rest.

O Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home!
The glow-worm is lighting his glittering
lamp;
The dew's falling fast, and your fine
speckled wings
Will be moisten'd and wet with the close-
clinging damp.

O Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home!
The sweet little fairy bells tinkle afar;
Make haste, or they'll catch you and har-
ness you fast
With a gossamer cobweb to Oberon's car.

2. The Cricket.

LITTLE guest with merry throat,
Chirping by the taper light,
Come, prolong thy blithesome note,
Welcome songster of the night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell;
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoiced to find repose,
Charm me with a merry tale.

3. The Daisy.

THERE is a flow'r, a little flow'r,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes ev'ry passing hour,
And weathers ev'ry changeful sky.
The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They bloom their day, and then decline.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The humble violet in the vale;
But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
And peeps around the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
 And blooms on consecrated ground,
 In honour of the silent dead.
 The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
 The blue fly bends its penile stem
 Light o'er the skylark's hidden nest.

In every clime, in every place,
 In every season, fresh and fair,
 It opens with perennial grace,
 And sweetly blossoms every where.
 On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
 Its humble buds unheeded rise;
 The Rose has but a summer reign,
 The modest Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

4. The Hive-Bee.

CHILD of patient industry,
 Little active busy Bee:
 For thou art out at early morn,
 Just as op'ning flowers are born.

Thou on eager wing art flown,
 Where the thyme grows on the down;
 Or, where the cowslips hang their heads,
 In the green and grassy meads.

Or to revel 'mid the broom,
 Or the clover's crimson bloom;
 Or by the hedge-rows, where the dew
 Glitters on the harebell blue.

Sipping sweets from ev'ry flower,
Thou hast ne'er an idle hour:
Full well thou murmurrest, busy Bee,
Thy sweet Ode to Industry.

5. The Highland Lassie.

With merry blue eyes, and with loose flowing hair,
With fresh rosy cheeks, and her pretty feet bare,
With a tatter'd straw bonnet, that loosely is tied,
And a little rush basket that hangs at her side,
Which she fills full with heather bells lilac and blue,
And daisies and berries of many a hue,
My sweet Highland lassie is singing as gay,
As a little sky-lark at the break of the day.
My pretty young child, can I take you with me,
My little pet servant and maiden to be,
Away from this moorland, so dismal and drear,
To be nurse to my own little baby and dear;
To sing your nice songs, all so lively and gay,
To my merry young folks at the time of their play?
Oh, come, my sweet maiden, and do not say nay;
Let us leave these bleak mountains, and hasten away.

O lady! my mother is aged and poor,
And scarcely can walk to her own cottage-
door;
My father is dead, and no other has she
To help and to tend her but poor little me.
No! while mother lives, by her side will I
stay,
To watch her by night, and to cheer her by
day;
But when mother dies, and in her grave is
laid,
Oh, send for me then, for your own little
maid. H. F.

6. Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around, from all the neigh'ring streets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of his bite,
The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

7. The Shepherd's Song.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees.
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the hare-bell and violet grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar entwines it around.

Not my fields in the prime of the year

More charms than my cattle unfold;

Not a brook that is limpid and clear,

But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

8. The Beggar Girl.

Over the mountains and over the moor,
Hungry and thirsty, I wander forlorn;
My father is dead and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will
never return.

Pity, kind gentle folk, friends of humanity,
Cold blows the wind and the night's
coming on;

Give me some food for my mother in charity,
Give me some food, and I then will be
gone.

Call me not lazy bones, beggar, and bold
enough,

Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when
they're old enough

They will work hard for the gifts you
bestow.

Pity, kind gentlefolk, &c.

Think while you revel so careless and free,
And are safe from the wind, and well
clothed and fed,
Should fortune so change it, how hard it
would be

To beg at a door for a morsel of bread.

Pity, kind gentlefolk, &c.

9. The Fox and the Grapes.

A HUNGRY fox one day did spy,
Fa la la, fa la la la la,

Some nice ripe grapes that hung full high,

Fa la la, fa la la la, la;
And as they hung they seem'd to say,
To him who underneath did stay,
If you can reach me down you may,

Fa la la, fa la la la la.

The fox he jump'd and jump'd again,

Fa la la, fa la la la la.

And tried to reach them but in vain,

Fa la la, fa la la la la;
He smack'd his lips for near an hour,
But found the prize beyond his power,
And then he said, The grapes are sour;

Fa la la, fa la la la la.

10. The Traveller's Return.

SWEET to the early wayfarer

The song amid the sky,
Where twinkling in the dewy light,

The sky-lark soars on high;

And cheering to the wayfarer

The gales that o'er him play,
When faint and heavily he drags

Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sky

Full wearily toils he,

The flowing water makes to him

A soothing melody.

And when the daylight wanes away,
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the village curfew-bell,
 As shades of night appear,
 That marks his weary journey's bourn,
 And tells that home is near.
 But, oh ! of all delightful sounds,
 Of evening or of morn,
 Far sweetest is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return.

SOUTHEY.

11. The Butterfly's Ball.

Come, take up your hats, and away let us
 haste
 To the Butterfly's ball and the Grasshop-
 per's feast:
 The trumpeter Gad-fly has summoned the
 crew,
 And the revels are now only waiting for
 you.
 On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of
 a wood
 Beneath a broad oak which for ages has
 stood,
 See the children of earth and the tenants
 of air
 For an evening's amusement together re-
 pair.

And there came the Beetle so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet his friend on his back;
And there came the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.
And there came the Moth in his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp his companion did bring;
But they promis'd that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the Mole;
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell.
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made;
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;

— And the Squirrel, well pleas'd such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree.
Then out came a Spider, with fingers so fine,
To shew his dexterity on the tight-line;
From one branch to another his cobweb he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along.

But just in the middle,—oh, shocking to tell!—
From his rope in an instant poor harlequin fell;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.
Then the Grasshopper came, with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.

With steps quite majestic the Snail did advance,
And promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of
night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out
with his light;
Then home let us hasten while yet we can
see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for
me.

ROSCOE.

12. The Italian Pedlar Boy.

FROM the fair Sardinian shore,
I your markets come to store;
Muse not though so far I dwell,
And my wares come here to sell:
'Tis from the fear of hunger and cold.
Then come to my pack while I cry,
What d'ye lack, what d'ye buy?
For here it is to be sold.

Knives and scissors—thus I cry;
Thread and tape—come, ladies, buy;
Pins and needles—here you see
All of finest quality.
Things for the young, and things for the old.
Then come to my pack, &c.

Ladies! ah, you not'ing buy
From the poor Italian boy;
Yet I left my own dear home,
And to you, kind friends, am come.
Let me not die, then, of hunger and cold.
But come to my pack, &c. H. F.

- 13. What shall we have for Dinner?

WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mistress Bond?

There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond.

Dill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, dill'd,

Come here and be kill'd.

Dill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, ill, dill'd,

Come here and be kill'd.

Send us the beef first, good Mistress Bond;

Then get your ducks dress'd out of the pond:

Dill, ill, &c.

John Ostler, go and kill a duck or two;

Ma'am, says John Ostler, I'll try what I can do.

Dill, ill, &c.

I've been to the ducks that are in the pond,

But they will not come to be kill'd, Mistress

Bond.

Dill, ill, &c.

Mistress Bond then flies to the pond in a rage,

With plenty of onions and plenty of sage.

Dill, ill, &c.

And cries, Little wagtails, come here and be kill'd,

For you must be stuff'd, and my customers fill'd.

Dill, ill, &c.

14. The Irish Harper and his Dog.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Summer was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my faithful dog
Tray.

Poor dog! he was watchful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my faithful dog
Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he lick'd me for kindness, my faithful dog
Tray!

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I play'd a lament for my faithful dog
Tray.

— Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never return with my faithful dog
Tray. ————— CAMPBELL.

15. The Bird caught at Sea.

PRETTY little feather'd fellow,
Why so far from home dost rove?
What misfortune brought thee hither,
From the green embower'd grove?
Here secure from danger rest thee,
Let thy throbbing heart be still;
Here no school-boy shall molest thee,
No one here shall use thee ill.

Fresh spring-water here shall cheer thee,
Barley-corns and crumbs of bread;
Sleep and fear no danger near thee,
On the sails recline thine head;
And when kindly winds shall speed us
To the land we wish to see,
Then, sweet captive, thou shalt leave us,
And amid the groves be free.

16. The Fox and the Goose.

FOX.

Good Mistress Goose, this charming day
Pray walk with me a little way;
The sun is up, the air is clear,
A walk will do you good, my dear.

Suppose we just go into town,
To hear and see what's going on;
Folks all admire your snow-white coat,
Bright eyes, and leng and slender throat.

GOOSE.

I thank you kindly, Mister Fox,
But more I thank the bolts and locks,
That make you stand outside the door,
To try elsewhere your lying lore.
Before you came the day was fair;
But since you spoke I do declare,
The sight of you, good sir, to day,
Has sent the whole sunshine away.

17. The Church-Bells.

THE MATIN BELL.

PEALING from the grey Church-tower,
Hark, hark ! the Matin Bell
Slowly chimes the midnight hour:
Hark, hark ! the Matin Bell.
Now the time of rest is o'er,
Now the friars in the choir
Soon must sing the Matin Hour:
Bim, bome, the Matin Bell.

THE SANCTUS BELL.

Ringing from the Church-tower grey,
Hark, hark ! the Sanctus Bell
Ushers in morn's early ray:
Hark, hark ! the Sanctus Bell.

Fresh and rosy dawns the day ;
- Watchman, to thy rest away ;
Faithful soul, awake and pray :
 Bim, bome, the Sanctus Bell.

THE PASSING BELL.

Swinging from the Church-tower grey,
 Sadly tolls the Passing Bell :
- One more soul hath sped her way :
 Bim, bome, the Passing Bell.
From this world's poor pageantry,
Lord, thou call'st a soul to Thee ;
Grant her rest eternally :
 Bim, bome, the Passing Bell.

THE VESPER BELL.

Stealing from the grey Church-tower,
 Sweetly chimes the Vesper Bell.
Soft it tells the evening hour :
 Hark, hark ! the Vesper Bell.
From the spirit's silent wear,
From the day's turmoil and care,
Hark ! it calls to song and prayer :
 Bim, bome, the Vesper Bell.

THE CURFEW BELL.

- Rolling from the grey Church-tower.
 Hark, hark ! the Curfew Bell.
Sad it tells that day is o'er :
 Hark, hark ! the Curfew Bell.
Curfew Bell ! I hear thee say,
Thus I ring the knell of day,
Mortal, here thou may'st not stay :
 Bim, bome, the Curfew Bell. H. F.

18. The Fly about the Candle.

The fly about the candle gay
 Will dance with thoughtless hum ;
 But short, alas ! her giddy play—
 Her pleasure proves her doom.

The child in like simplicity
 About the bee-hive clings,
 And with one drop of honey she
 Receives a thousand stings.

19. Lucy Gray

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew,
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a cottage-door.
 You, too, may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green,
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night,
 You to the town must go,
 And take a lantern, child, to light
 Your mother through the snow.”
 “ That, father, I will gladly do ;
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—
 The minster clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the moon.”
 At this the father raised his hook,
 And snapp'd a faggot-band ;
 He plied his work, and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ;
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time ;
 She wander'd up and down,
 And many a hill did Lucy climb,
 But never reach'd the town.
 The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide ;
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood,
 That overlook'd the moor ;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
 A furlong from the door.
 They wept, and turning homeward, cried,
 " In heaven we all shall meet ! "—
 When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet !

Half-breathless, from the steep hill's edge
 They track'd the footmarks small,
 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
 And by the long stone wall ;
 And then an open field they cross'd—
 The marks were still the same ;
 They track them on, nor ever lost,
 And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank—
 And further there were none !



You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

WORDSWORTH.

20. Oh, call my Brother back again.

CHILD.

Oh, call my brother back again,
 I cannot play alone;
 The summer comes with flow'r and bee;
 Where is my brother gone?
 Oh! call my brother back to me,
 I cannot play alone.

The butterfly is glancing bright
 Across the sunbeam's track;
 I care not now to chase its flight —
 Oh! call my brother back.
 Oh! call, &c.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
 Around our garden-tree;
 Our vine is drooping with its load —
 Oh! call him back to me.
 Oh! call, &c.

MOTHER.

He would not hear my voice, fair child !
 He may not come to thee ;
 The face that once like spring-time smiled
 On earth no more thou'l see !
 Thy brother is in heaven, my boy,
 And thou must play alone.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
 Such unto him was given;
 You call for him in vain, my boy—
 Thy brother is in heaven!
 Thy brother is, &c.

CHILD.

And has he left the birds and flowers,
 And must I call in vain;
 And through the long, long summer hours,
 Will he not come again?
 Oh! call, &c.

And by the brook, and in the glade,
 Are all our wanderings o'er?
 Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
 Would I had loved him more!
 Oh! call, &c.

MRS. HEMANS.

21. The Mouse's Petition.

Oh, hear a trembling pris'ner's prayer,
 For liberty that sighs;
 And never let thine heart be shut
 Against the sufferer's cries;
 For here forlorn and sad I sit,
 Within this wiry grate,
 And tremble at th' approach of morn,
 Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
 And spurn'd the oppressor's chain,
 Oh, do not then with tyrant force
 A free-born mouse detain;

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth,
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My little meals supply;

But if thine unrelenting heart

That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,

Are blessings widely giv'n;

Let Nature's children all enjoy

The common gifts of Heav'n.

The tender sympathising heart

To all compassion gives,

Casts round the world its glance of love,

And feels for all that lives.

Then hear a trembling pris'ner's prayer,

For liberty that sighs;

And never let thine heart be shut

Against the suff'rer's cries.

MRS. BARBAULD.

22. . A-Hunting we will go.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;

The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.

Chorus—Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Sly Reynard, he like lightning flies,
His cunning's wide awake;

To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.

When a hunting we do go, &c.

Away he goes, he flies, the rout
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some lie in the ditch.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

But now his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds have seized their prey;
Then hungry, homewards we return,
To hunt another day,
When a hunting we will go, &c.

23. The Cuckoo.

THE bee is humming in the sun,
The yellow cowslip springs;
And, hark! from yonder woodland's side
Again the Cuckoo sings;
No other note but Cuckoo still
She sings from day to day;
Yet I, though but a little child,
Can read, and sing, and pray.

24. John Barleycorn.

THERE went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn shall die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head well arm'd with pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
And he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Shew'd he began to fall.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age:
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They took a weapon strong and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up then a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
And heav'd in poor John Barleycorn,
To let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But the miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they have strain'd his very heart's
blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

So, neighbours all, make sad lament,
And sorely weep and mourn,
For now you've heard the doleful end
Of bold John Barleycorn.

BURNS.

25. The Captive Lark.

"Tis merry morn, the sun has shed
His light upon the mountain head;
The golden dews are sparkling now,
On heath and hill, on flower and bough.
And many a happy song is heard
From ev'ry gay rejoicing bird
But never more alas, shall I,
Soar up and sing in yonder sky.

Thro' these harsh wires I view in vain
The ray that once awoke my strain;
A prisoner here, I fret and pine,
My useless wings their strength decline.
Sad is my fate, to see the stars
Pass one by one before my bars,
And know when dawn returneth, I
No more may sing in yonder sky.

c

Oh, barbarous you, who still can bear
This mournful doom to bid me share ;
To see me droop and sadden on
With wishful eye from dawn to dawn ;
Beating my little breast in woe
'Gainst these dread wires that vex me so,
And my glad passage still deny,
To soar and sing in yonder sky.

Oh, let me fly, fly up once more :
How would my wing delighted soar !
What rapture would my song declare,
Pour'd out upon the sunny air !
Oh, set me free ! for here in vain
I try to breathe one gladsome strain ;
In this dark den I pine, I die ;
Oh, let me flee to yonder sky !

26. The Spider and the Fly.

WILL you walk into my parlour, said a Spider to a Fly ;
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things to shew when you get there.
Oh, no, no ! said the little Fly ; to ask me is in vain :
For who goes up that winding stair shall ne'er come down again.
Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I have ever felt for you ?

I have within my parlour great store of
all that's nice :
I'm sure you're very welcome ; will you
please to take a slice ?
Oh, no, no ! said the little Fly ; kind sir,
that cannot be ;
For I know what's in your pantry, and I
do not wish to see.

Sweet creature, said the Spider, you're witty
and you're wise ;
How handsome are your gaudy wings, how
brilliant are your eyes !
I have a little looking-glass upon my par-
lour-shelf ;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you
shall behold yourself.
Oh, thank you, gentle sir, she said, for
what you're pleased to say ;
And wishing you good morning now, I'll
call another day.

The Spider turn'd him round again, and
went into his den,
For well he knew that silly Fly would soon
come back again.
And then he wove a tiny web, in a little
corner sly,
And set his table ready for to dine upon
the Fly ;
And went out to his door again, and mer-
rily did sing,
Come hither, pretty little Fly, with the gold
and silver wing.

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily flattering words, came slowly fluttering by.
With humming wings she hung aloft, then nearer and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her crested head and gold and purple hue:
Thinking only of her brilliant wings, poor silly thing! at last,
Up jump'd the cruel Spider, and firmly held her fast!

He dragg'd her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour; but she ne'er came down again.
And now, my pretty maidens, who may this story hear,
To silly, idle, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give ear;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

MARY HOWITT.

27. The Song of the Cormorant.

FLOATING, flying, swimming ever,
On the restless sea dwell I;
Boatmen say, "There goes a diver;"
Landsmen, " 'Tis a bird of prey."

CHORUS.

Where the deep blue glassy ocean,
 Rippling, murmurs pleasantly,
 Where it raves in wild commotion,
 Calm or tempest, there am I.

Where the crab, with slant meand'ring,
 Crawls o'er tangled weeds his way,
 Or herring-shoals delight in wand'ring,
 There it is I seek my prey.

Where the deep blue glassy, &c.

Nets and lines and tackle ready,
 Sailing with the early dawn,
 Boatmen see me skim the eddy,
 And hail a brother fisherman.

Where the deep blue glassy, &c.

H. F.

28. The Sea-side.

WHEN in my sweet childhood that's gone
 I stood by the side of the main,
 At ev'ry new wave that roll'd on,
 I wonder'd and wonder'd again ;
 As I gather'd the shells on its shore,
 As I gaz'd on the vessels at sea,
 The mystery grew more and more,
 And could not interpreted be.

The thoughts which my childhood beguil'd
 Were an emblem, I well perceive how ;
 As I thought of the sea when a child,
 So I think of eternity now.
 I stand by the side of its sea,
 I gather the shells on its shore ;
 But its depths are mysterious to me
 As the depths of the ocean of yore.

Thus every new year that we live
 Brings mysteries strange to descry,
 And the best of all homage to give
 Is to wonder on still till we die.
 Then the sea from its depth shall go fleeing,
 All bare shall eternity be:
 And those who now wonder not seeing,
 Shall wonder the more when they see.

REV. E. CASWELL.

29. The Thrush.

How void of care yon merry Thrush,
 That sings melodious in the bush;
 That has no stores of wealth to keep,
 No lands to plough, no corn to reap!

He never frets for worthless things,
 But lives in peace, and sweetly sings;
 Enjoys the present with his mate,
 Unmindful of to-morrow's fate.

Rejoiced he finds his morning fare,
 His dinner lies—he knows not where;
 Still to the unfailing hand he chants
 His grateful song, and never wants.

Of true felicity possess'd,
 He glides through life supremely blest;
 And for his daily meal relies
 On Him whose love the world supplies.

WILLIAMS.

30. The Beggar-Man.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat,
The faggot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round and careless chat.
When, hark! a gentle hand they hear,
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And, thua to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:

"Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives hissing in the wind,
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,
A dreary treeless waste behind.
Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have past!"

With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.
The little children flocking came,
And warm'd his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable meal prepares.

Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tear was seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.
The children too began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIKIN.

31. The Song of the Foxes.

YOUNG FOX.

Ho ! brother Fox, dost hear what I say ?
Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale !
The hunt and the hounds are coming this
way,
Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale !

Chorus.

Heigho, heigho ! hey for the coppice-wood,
Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale !
Heigho, heigho ! hey for the coppice-wood,
Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale !

The master, I know him, old Timothy Sheen,
Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale !
And the field that is with him, in scarlet
and green,
Hey for the coppice-wood down in the
vale !
Heigho, &c.

I've seen him just now, in his hunting array,
His dogs all about, on the scent of their
prey.

Now should they but find us here under
the rocks,
I'd give but a song for our chance, brother
Fox.

OLD FOX.

Why then if they're coming, we'd best make
away,
And leave them to find such sport as they
may.

And if they've a mind to be riding all day,
All for no good, let them have their own
way. H. F.

N.B. The Burden, "Hey for," &c. is repeated
after each line; and the Chorus, "Heigho," &c.
at the end of each couplet.

32. By the side of a murmuring Stream.

By the side of a murmuring stream
An elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
On the top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong
Where this elderly gentleman sat,
And took from his head in a trice
And plung'd in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
But he dropp'd in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat,

And now in the depth of despair,
Though still from the place where he sat,
He flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

But cooler reflection at length,
As this elderly gentleman sat,
Said, jump up and follow the stream,
And look for your wig and your hat.

But alas for the thought! for so soon
As he rose from the place where he sat,
He slipp'd! and fell plump overhead,
To swim with his wig and his hat!

33. The Fox and the Cat.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travelled one
day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
" 'Tis good," said the Fox, " to make jus-
tice our guide."
" How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin re-
plied.

As thus they proceeded, a Wolf from the
wood,
Impatient of hunger and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth as he saw the dull shepherd
asleep,
And seized for his breakfast an innocent
Sheep.

" 'Tis in vain," cried the Wolf, " Mistress
Sheep, that you bleat,
When mutton's at hand, you know well I
must eat."
The Cat was astounded! the Fox stood
aghast!
To see the fell beast at his cruel repast.

“What a wretch!” said the Cat; “what a bloodthirsty brute!
To seize a poor Sheep, when there’s herbage and fruit.”
Cried the Fox, “With the acorns so sweet and so good,
What a tyrant this is to spill innocent blood.”

Then onward they went and discoursed by the way,
And with still more wise maxims enliven’d the day;
And e’er as they travell’d they moralised still,
Till they came where some poultry peck’d chaff by a mill

Then the Fox, without ceasing his sayings so wise,
Now snapp’d up a Chicken by way of a prize;
And a mouse which then chanced from her covert to stray,
The thoughtful Grimalkin secured as her prey.

A Spider who sat in her web on the wall
Perceived the poor victims and pitied their fail;
She cried, “Of such murders how guiltless am I!”

Then ran to regale on a new-taken Fly.
J. CUNNINGHAM.

34. The African Traveller's Reception.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast;
He sate him down beneath our tree,
For weary, faint, and sad was he;
For ah, no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

Chorus.

The white man shall our pity share,
The white man shall our pity share;
For ah, no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low,
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

Chorus.

Go, white man, go, but with thee bear
Remembrance of the negro's care;
Go, white man, go, but with thee bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

35. The Harebell and the Foxglove.

IN a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,
A sweet little Harebell her dwelling had
made;

Her roof was a woodbine that tastefully
spread
Its close-woven teadrils o'erarching her
head;
Her bed was of moss that each morning
made new;
She din'd on a sunbeam and supp'd on the
dew;
Her neighbour the nightingale sang her to
rest,
And care had ne'er planted its thorn in her
breast.

One morning she saw on the opposite side
A Foxglove displaying his colours of pride;
She gazed on his form, that in stateliness
grew,
And envied his height and his beautiful
hue;
She mark'd how the flow'rets all gave way
before him,
While they press'd round her dwelling with
far less decorum.
Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,
And the sight of this Foxglove destroys her
repose.

She tires of her vesture, and swelling with
spleen,
Cries, "Ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle
was seen!"
Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,
But thus to a Primrose begins to complain:
"I envy your mood, that can patient abide
The respect paid that Foxglove, his airs
and his pride:

There you sit, still the same, with your
colourless cheek;
But you have no spirit—would I were as
meek!"

The Primrose, good-humoured, replied, " If
you knew
More about him—(remember I'm older
than you,
And, better instructed, can tell you his
tale)—
You would envy him least of all flowers in
this vale;
With all his fine airs and his dazzling
show,
No flower more baneful and odious can blow;
And the reason the others before him give
way
Is because they all hate him and shrink from
his away.

To stay near him long would be fading or
death,
For he scatters a pest with his venomous
breath;
While the flowers that you fancy are crowd-
ing you there,
Spring round you delighted your converse
to share.
His flame - coloured robe is imposing, 'tis
true,
Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of
blue?
For we know that of innocence one is the
vest,
The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.

I see your surprise—but I know him full well,
 And have number'd his victims as fading they fell;
 He blighted twin violets that under him lay,
 And poison'd a sister of mine the same day.”
 The Primrose was silent; the Harebell, 'tis said,
 Inclined for a moment her beautiful head,
 But quickly recover'd her spirits, and then
 Declared that she ne'er would feel envy again.

36. The Woodcutter's Evening Song.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
 Dropping lowly in the west,
 Now my hard day's work is done,
 I'm as happy as the best.
 Though to leave your pretty song,
 Little birds, it gives me pain,
 Yet to-morrow is not long,
 Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop and stand about,
 Well I know how things will be;
 They will all be looking out,
 Watching anxiously for me.
 Fare ye well and hold your tongues,
 Sing no more till next I come;
 They're not worthy of your songs
 That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks;
 But at night yon little cot,
 Where I see the chimney smokes,
 I know not a prettier spot.

All my little folks are there,
Waiting me with pleasant looks :
Table ready set and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
Quick my faggot down I fling ;
Little prattlers then begin,
Teasing me to talk and sing.
Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west,
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

37. The Last Rose of Summer.

THE last rose of summer
Is faded and fied,
The leaves that adorn'd her
Are dying or dead ;
The autumn is coming,
And, strong in its blast,
Will open for winter
A passage at last.

Oh, how to my spirit
It seemeth to say,
Thus too is thy summer
Fast fading away ;
And the things that thou lovest,
Though beautiful now,
And the friends thou hast chosen.
Are fragile as thou.

Dost thou covet a summer
More certain of bliss?
Go seek thee a country
Far brighter than this;
Where the joys thou hast lost, thou
Shalt never deplore,
And the friends thou hast chosen
Shall quit thee no more.

REV. EDWARD CASWALL.

38. The Dove sent from the Ark.

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray;
For lo, the sun shines bright above,
The floods are past away.
No longer drooping here confin'd,
In this cold prison dwell;
Go free to sunshine and to wind,
Go forth, and fare thee well.

Go, beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be.
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the tree.
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find
From this cold prison cell;
Go, then, to sunshine and to wind,
Go forth, and fare thee well.

W. L. BOWLES.

39. The Contented Blind Boy.

Oh say, what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
Oh, tell a poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play:
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

40. Little Flutt'rer, swiftly flying.

LITTLE flutt'rer, swiftly flying,
There is none to harm thee near;
Kite nor hawk nor schoolboy prying,
Little flutt'rer, cease to fear.
One who would protect thee ever
From the schoolboy, kite, or hawk,
Musing now comes near, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

May no cuckoo wand'ring near thee
Lay her egg within thy nest;
Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
Be destroy'd by such a guest.
Little flutt'rer, swiftly flying,
There is none to harm thee near;
Kite nor hawk nor schoolboy prying,
Little flutt'rer, cease to fear.

41. The Humming-Bird.

The humming-bird, the humming-bird,
So fairy-like and bright,
It lives among the sunny flow'rs,
A creature of delight;
In radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they fit about
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan palm-tree.
And in the wild and verdant woods
Where lofty moras tower;
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The stately passion-flow'r.

Thou happy happy humming-bird,
No storms around thee low'r;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
Nor land without a flow'r.

▲ |

A reign of summer joyfulness
To thee for life is given;
Thy food the honey from the flow'r,
Thy drink the dew from heaven.

MARY HOWITT.

42. The Convent-Bell.

FAR, far o'er hill and dale,
On the winds stealing,
List to the convent-bell,
Sweetly pealing.
Hark! hark! it seems to say,
As melt those sounds away,
So life's short joys decay
While now they're fleeting.

Now through the charmed air,
Slowly ascending,
List to the chanted prayer,
Solemnly blending.
Hark, hark! it seems to say,
Turn from vain joys away,
To those which ne'er decay;
For life is ending.

43. The Child's Wish.

I WISH I were a little bird,
To fly so far and high,
And sail along the golden clouds,
And through the azure sky.

I'd be the first to see the sun
 Up from the ocean spring;
 And ere it touch'd the glitt'ring spire.
 Its ray should gild my wing.

Above the hills I'd watch him still
 Far down the crimson west,
 And sing to him my evening song
 Ere yet I sought my rest.

And many a land I then should see,
 As hill and plain I cross'd;
 Nor fear, through all the pathless sky,
 That I should ere be lost.

Now if I climb our highest hill,
 How little can I see!
 Oh, had I but a pair of wings,
 How happy should I be!
 I wish I were a little bird,
 To fly so far and high,
 To sail along the golden clouds,
 And through the azure sky.

44. Ariel's Song—Where the Bee sucks.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I crouch when owls do cry:
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sunset, merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

45.

The Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Attendant on the spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing;
Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.
The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale;
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.
Sweet bird, thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

LANGHORNE.

46. Invitation to the Birds.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 And weave the mossy nest;
 Here rove and sing the live-long day,
 At night here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool transparent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your
 fill,
 And revel in the shade.
 Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
 Secure the linnet sings;
 The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
 To clog her painted wings.

Sweet nightingale! oh, quit thy haunt,
 Yon distant woods among,
 And round my friendly grotto chant
 Thy sadly pleasing song.
 Nor let the harmless redbreast fear,
 Domestic bird, to come
 And seek a safe asylum here,
 With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
 Shall store of fruit preserve;
 Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe,
 Come feed without reserve.
 For you these cherries I protect,
 To you these plums belong;
 Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
 But sweeter far your song.

GRAVES.

47. Old King Cole.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd
for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Ev'ry fiddler had a fine fiddle,
A very fine fiddle had he.
Then twee tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went
the fiddler;
And so merry we'll all be.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for
his bowl,
And he call'd for his harpers three.
Ev'ry harper had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he.
Then twang, twanga-twang, twanga-twang,
went the harper;
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the
fiddler;
And so merry we'll all be.

*In the third verse the King calls "for his
pipers three."*

Then too, tootle-too, tootle-too, went the
piper;
Twang, twanga-twang, &c.
Twee, tweedle-dee, &c.

In the fourth verse he calls "for his drummers three."

Then rub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the
drummer;
Too, tootle-too, &c.

Imitating each different instrument in its turn.

48. The Cuckoo.

Now the sun is in the west,
Sinking slow behind the trees,
And the cuckoo, welcome guest,
Gently woos the ev'ning breeze.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Gently woos the ev'ning breeze.

Sportive now the swallows play,
Lightly skimming o'er the brook;
Darting swift they wing their way,
Homeward to their peaceful nook;
Whilst the cuckoo, bird of spring,
Still amidst the trees doth sing,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Still amidst the trees doth sing.

Cheerful see yon shepherd-boy,
Climbing up the craggy rocks;
As he views the dappled sky,
Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks.

Now advancing o'er the plain,
Ev'ning's dusky shades appear,
And the cuckoo's voice again
Gently steals upon mine ear ;
While retiring from the view,
Thus she bids the day adieu :
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !
Thus she bids the day adieu.

49. The Nightingale.

SWEET bird, enchantress of the earth,
Born in the world's young prime,
The only bird of Eden birth
Left to this latter time.

Why on the joyous sunny day
Thy golden notes expend ?
To lonely night belongs thy lay ;
Save thee she has no friend.

The day, it has a thousand songs,
Of leaflet, bird, and bee ;
The merry bell to the day belongs,—
The night, it has but thee.

Then for sad solitary night
Reserve thy downy lay ;
And she to thee, for this delight,
Full many thanks will pay.

List'ning all still, o'er vale and hill,
While from some copsewood tree
Thou with charm'd trill the air dost fill,
Blending all things in thee.

REV. E. CASWALL.

50. A Narrow Brooklet.

A NARROW brooklet ill befits
 The ship in gallant trim,
 When bound across the ocean waves,
 With precious freight to swim.

So, too, the heart confined to earth
 A stranded object lies,
 Meant by its Maker to maintain
 Communion with the skies.

Oh, my poor bark, so long aground,
 Expand thy drooping sail,
 Forsake this narrow inland coast,
 And catch the open gale.

It ill becomes thine origin,
 Thy destiny sublime,
 To stay immers'd in vanities
 Upon the shore of time.

Let not a shallow earthly pool
 That noble keel detain ;
 'Tis bound with precious freight to cross
 Th' illimitable main.

REV. E. CASWALL.

51. The Little Butterfly-Catcher.

WHEN first I went, a little miss,
 To school in Lincolnshire,
 Oh, weary were the dull long days
 For many a tedious year,

Until I had my hoop and net,
As you shall quickly hear;
Oh, they're my delight, when the sun shines
bright,
In the season of the year.

To rove a truant gay and free
Across the open moor,
And chase the paint'd butterflies
As they fly from flow'r to flow'r;
To wave about my nice green net,
And run I know not where:
Oh! 'tis my delight, as the sun shines bright,
In the season of the year.

Full many a gay bright butterfly
I caught with stealthy bound,
And oft I pull'd them limb from limb,
And left them on the ground,
And never thought how cruel 'twas
Their little wings to tear:
Oh! 'twas my delight, as the sun shone
bright,
In the season of the year.

But roving once across the moor,
A truant free and gay,
The sober dame who ruled the school
Did chance to pass that way;
And spying me, full loud did cry,
Young miss, what brings you here?
Oh! 'twas small delight, as the sun shone
bright,
To stand and quake for fear.

So I was whipp'd and sent to bed,
That the rest might learn to fear,
And duly keep the good dame's rules
For the sequel of the year;
And chase no more gay butterflies,
Or their little wings to tear:
Still ! 'tis my delight, when the sun shines
bright,
In the season of the year.

H. F.

52. The Swallow's Flight.

SWALLOW, that on rapid wing
Sweep'st along in sportive ring,
Here and there, and low and high,
Chasing keen the painted fly;
Swallow, let me fly with thee.

First from England's southern shore
'Cross the Channel we would soar;
Then with daring flight advance
To the plains of sprightly France :—
Swallow, let me fly with thee.

Where on verdant banks of Loire
Playful sport the feather'd choir,
Or where Bourdeaux skirts the side
Of Garonne's majestic tide,
I would skim away with thee.

Next o'er tow'ring Pyrenees,
Myrtle groves and orange-trees,
To the hilly wild domain,
Where are fed the flocks of Spain,
I would skim away with thee.

Then where figs and olives grow,
Mules plod surely on and slow ;
Steering thus for many a day,
Southward still our course away,
 Swallow, I would fly with thee.

Past Gibraltar's rocky steep,
Dashing o'er the foaming deep ;
Then our roving journey o'er,
On the sultry Aïric's shore,
 Swallow, I would rest with thee.

But when spring's soft gales shall play
Once more o'er our trackless way,
Round and round, in sportive ring,
Joyously on home-bound wing,
 Swallow, I would fly with thee.

LUCY AIKIN.

53. Morning, Noon, and Evening.

MORNING.—*First Child's Song.*

Now the sun shines o'er the hill,
 Now the morning breaketh clear,
Chanticleer with clarion shrill
 Waketh all the farm-yard near.
Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows nursed by night retire,
And the peeping sunbeam now
 Paints with gold the village-spire.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring ;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently meets the morning gale,
Lambkins now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy vale.

(Turning to the company present)
Tell me, sisters, am I wrong?
Has not Morn a pretty song?

NOON.—*Second Child's Song.*
By the brook the shepherd dines,
From the glowing noon tide heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines
Hanging o'er his grassy seat.
Cattle court the breezes bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool,
Or in languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.
Now the hill, the hedge, are green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune;
Blithesome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

(Turning to the company present)
Gentle sisters, what say you?
Does not Noon sing sweetly too?

EVENING.—Third Child's Song.
O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free, her furrow'd task is done;
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now the lonely owlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake,
And the blue mist slowly creeps
Curling on the silver lake

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.
Freshly plays the Evening air,
Sweetly fall its shadows gray;
Even man forgets his care,
Thoughtless for the coming day.

(*Turning to the company present*)
Gentle sisters, of the three,
Give you not the prize to me?

*Adapted by the Editor from a Pastoral of
J. Cunningham.*

This song may be sung by three children, personating respectively Morning, Noon, and Evening; and when thus sung, each child at the end of its song may turn to the company present and make its appeal, "Sisters, tell me," &c.

54. The Bee.

SWEET lab'rer, 'mid the summer's golden
hour,
Full oft I trace thy little busy flight,
With pleasure see thee perch from flow'r
to flow'r,
On violets, woodbines, roses, lilies bright.

Yet what to thee is summer's golden smile?
And what to thee the flower-enamell'd
plain?

Will gratitude reward thy daily toil?
No, no; thou workest for reward in vain.

Thy honied wealth is soon no longer thine;
Rapacity shall force thy little door:
Those treasures with thy life thou must
resign,
A breathless victim, on thy fragrant
store. WALCOT.

55. The Orphan Beggar.

Ah, pity, kind ladies, a poor little boy,
Whose father and mother are dead;
Who hungry and shiv'ring approaches you
now,

To beg for a mouthful of bread.

Oh, think what it is to parade the wide
world,
And to have neither friend nor a home;
To be rated and forc'd from each half-open'd
door,
With a rudely said, "Beggar, begone!"

Yet once I was happy and cheerful as you,
My father he work'd at his mill,
My mother she busily spun at her wheel,
And we thought not of danger or ill.
But the cholera came, and my father fell sick,
My mother stood by at his death;
Then she too was seized, and within a few
hours
Convulsively gasp'd her last breath.

Ah me, what a sight for a helpless young boy,
A father and mother both dead !
Yet the hard-hearted landlord soon turn'd
me adrift,
To roan and to beg for my bread.
Then pity, kind ladies, the poor orphan boy,
That has not a friend or a home;
Who is browbeat and scolded wherever he
goes,
And wanders forlorn and alone.

H. F.

56. The Fox and the Crow.

In a dairy one day
There had ventur'd to stray
A prying and pilfering crow,
To get what she could,
And fly off to the wood,
To her nest on the top of a bough.

There looking about,
She soon spied out
A newly cut slice from a cheese;
" Ah, ah, now," said she,
" This will just do for me;"
So away she flew off with her prize.

A Fox who stood by,
And had noticed her fly,
Thought, " Come, Mistress Crow, let me
see !

For a Crow this may do,
But I'm fond of cheese too!"
So he came and stood under the tree.

"Good day, Mistress Crow;
 'Tis a long time ago
 Since friends like ourselves have been
 found;
 Old friends, when they meet,
 One another should greet;"
 But the Crow did not care to look round.

"'Tis true years have past
 Since the time we met last,
 But your good looks are just what they
 were;
 The silvery tone
 Of your sweet voice alone
 Still sounds like a charm in mine ear.

Oh, how I would fain
 Once to hear it again!"
 Thought the Crow, we should all try to
 please;
 I will just sing one note,—
 So she open'd her throat;
 When the Fox ran away with her cheese.

H. F.

57. The Cork Leg.

You all, no doubt, have heard or read
 Of the great Dutch merchant, Mynheer
 Van Gled,
 Who grew so wondrous rich, 'tis said,
 His wealth could scarce be *credited*,
 Ri-too-ral-loo-ral-loo-ral-loo, loo-ral-
 loo-loo-ral, ri-too-loo-la-la.

A poor relation came to crave
His bounty,—what d'ye think he gave?
He gave him a kick for daring to beg,
And kick'd him so hard that he broke—his
own leg.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He very much wished to preserve his limb,
But the doctor, on seeing it, said to him,
This leg must come off—but don't look
glum,

It still may be preserv'd—in *rum*.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

Now Mynheer was proud, and could not
decide
'Twixt a mortified leg and a mortified pride,
But consented at last, not liking it half,
For he felt quite *cow'd* for the loss of his
calf.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

A cork leg he determin'd to have complete,
An artist engaged to do the feat,
With springs and screws, and clock-work
within,
That the loss of his leg did not matter a pin.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He put on his leg to take a walk,
His new leg stepp'd as light as *cork*;
He put out his hand when an old friend
met him,
And wanted to stop, but his *leg* would not
let him.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

Through streets and squares, wherever he
pass'd,
Folks wonder'd at seeing him walk so fast;
He clung to a lamp-post in his alarms,
But his *leg* proved stronger than both his
arms.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

On—on he went,—he knew not where,
Till night brought on a dark despair;
A robber, meeting him in a wood,
Cried Stop!—said he, I wish I *could*!
Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

For home and friends he began to pine,
He thought of his dinner and bottle of wine,
But instead of drawing the cork, 'twould
seem,
The cork was bent on drawing of him.
Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He had nought to drink but of misery's cup,
And from not lying down he was soon
knock'd up;
His strength it decay'd, he grew faint and
ill,
He died—but his *leg* kept walking on still.
Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

He left no will! 'tis very well known
His leg never left him a *will* of his own;
Yet no man e'er died by land or by sea
Who left behind such a *leg as he*.

Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

'Tis a fact likewise, the man who made
This wonderful leg has never been paid;
Ready money was promised him for the
amount,
But the leg, to this day, is a *running account.*
Ri-too-ral-loo-ral, &c.

The passages marked in *italics* are intended to
help the young singer to the humour of the piece.

58. To-morrow the Fox will come
to Town.

To-morrow the Fox will come to town;
Watch! watch! watch him well!
To-morrow the Fox will come to town;
Oh, neighbours, watch him well!
I must desire you, neighbours all,
To halloo the Fox out of the hall,
And cry as loud as you can call,

CHORUS.
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!
And cry as loud as you can call;
Oh, watch him neighbours well!

He'll steal the hen out of the pen;
Watch! watch! watch him well;
He'll steal the hen out of the pen;
Oh, neighbours, watch him well!
I must desire, &c.

He'll steal the duck out of the brook;
Watch! watch! &c.

He'll steal the lamb from near the dam;
Watch! watch! &c.

59. Begone, Dull Care.

BEGONE, dull care, I prithee begone from
me;

Begone, dull care, you and I shall never
agree.

Long time thou hast been tarrying here
And fain thou wouldest me kill,

But i' faith, dull care,

Thou never shalt have thy will.

For too much care is health and strength's
decay;

And too much thought, it wears the mind
away.

Then away with gloom and sorrow,

And merrily pass the day,

For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.

60. The Washing Day.

'TWAS on a chill December morn,
The hour when fairies play,

The half-burnt rush-light dimly hid
The pale moon's glimm'ring ray,

When, piercing through the silent gloom,

A voice was heard to say,

What, all asleep! does no one know

It is our washing day?

Oh, there's no peace within the house;

Ah me! ah, well away!

There's little comfort in the house

Upon a washing day.

Then hurry, hurry, down the stairs

The busy maidens run;

The shining suds fly all about,

The work it is begun.

And I am bid with frowning look

To get out of the way;

You little miss, what want you here

Upon our washing day?

Oh, there's no peace within the house;

Ah me! ah, well away!

There's little comfort in the house

Upon a washing day.

To see the house a while ago

There came three ladies gay,

With many a smile and gracious look,

And then—they went away.

Now what they said, or what they thought,

I'm sure I cannot say;

But I do not think they'll come again

Upon a washing day.

When 'tis thump—thump—splash—

splash—

Scold—scold away,

Ah, little comfort's in the house

Upon a washing day.

Oh, cleanliness, sweet cleanliness,

So smiling bright and fair,

Oh, who would think that thou art gain'd

With so much toil and care?

Or who would say, that thou dost owe

Thy face so smooth and gay,

To soap and suds and scrubbing-brush

Upon a washing day?

Chorus. To the thump—thump—splash—
splash—
Scold—scold away;
To all the mess and all the fuss
Upon a washing day. H. F.

61. God save the Queen.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

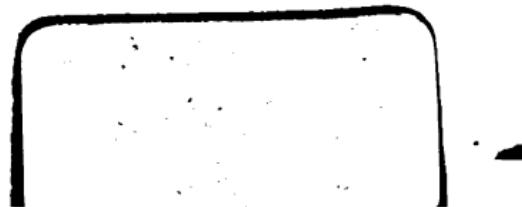
Thy choicest gifts in store
On fair Victoria pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice.
God save the Queen.

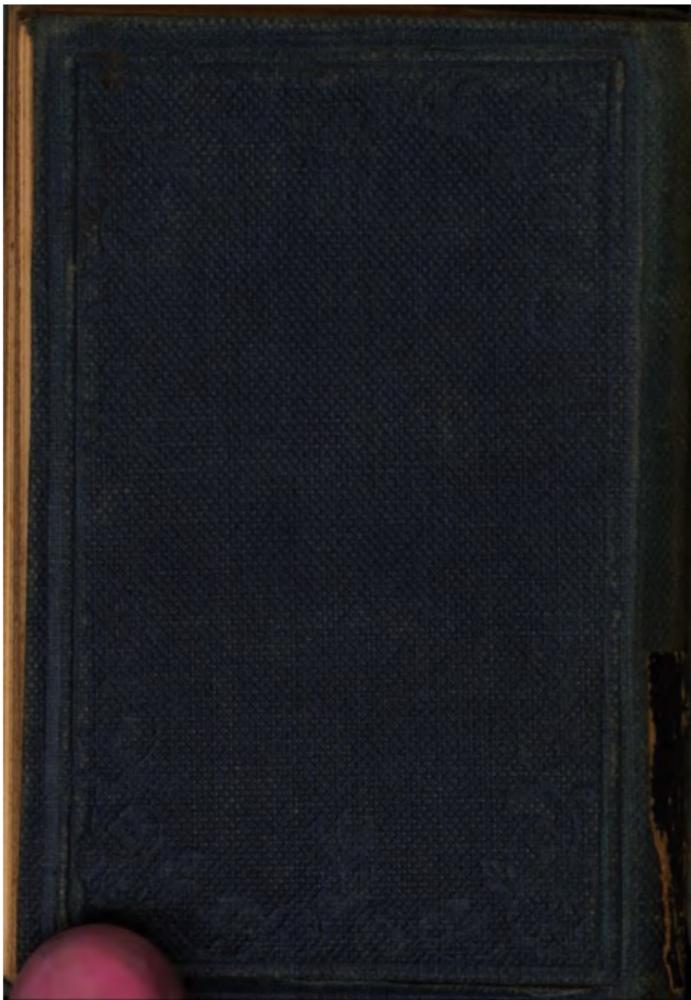


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